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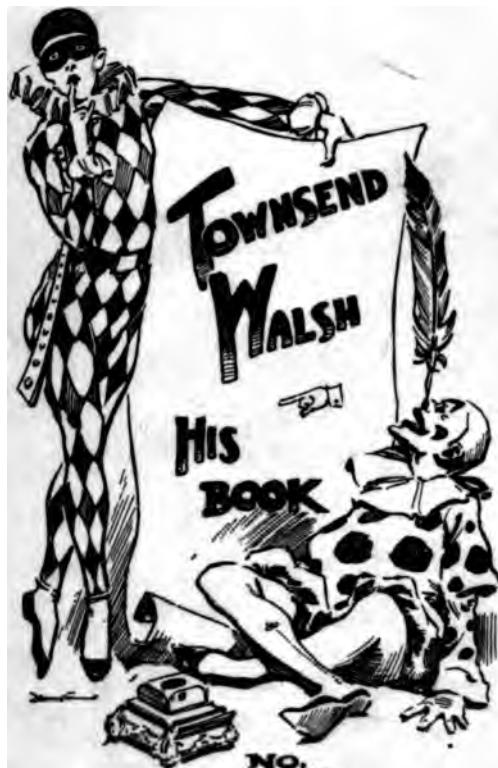


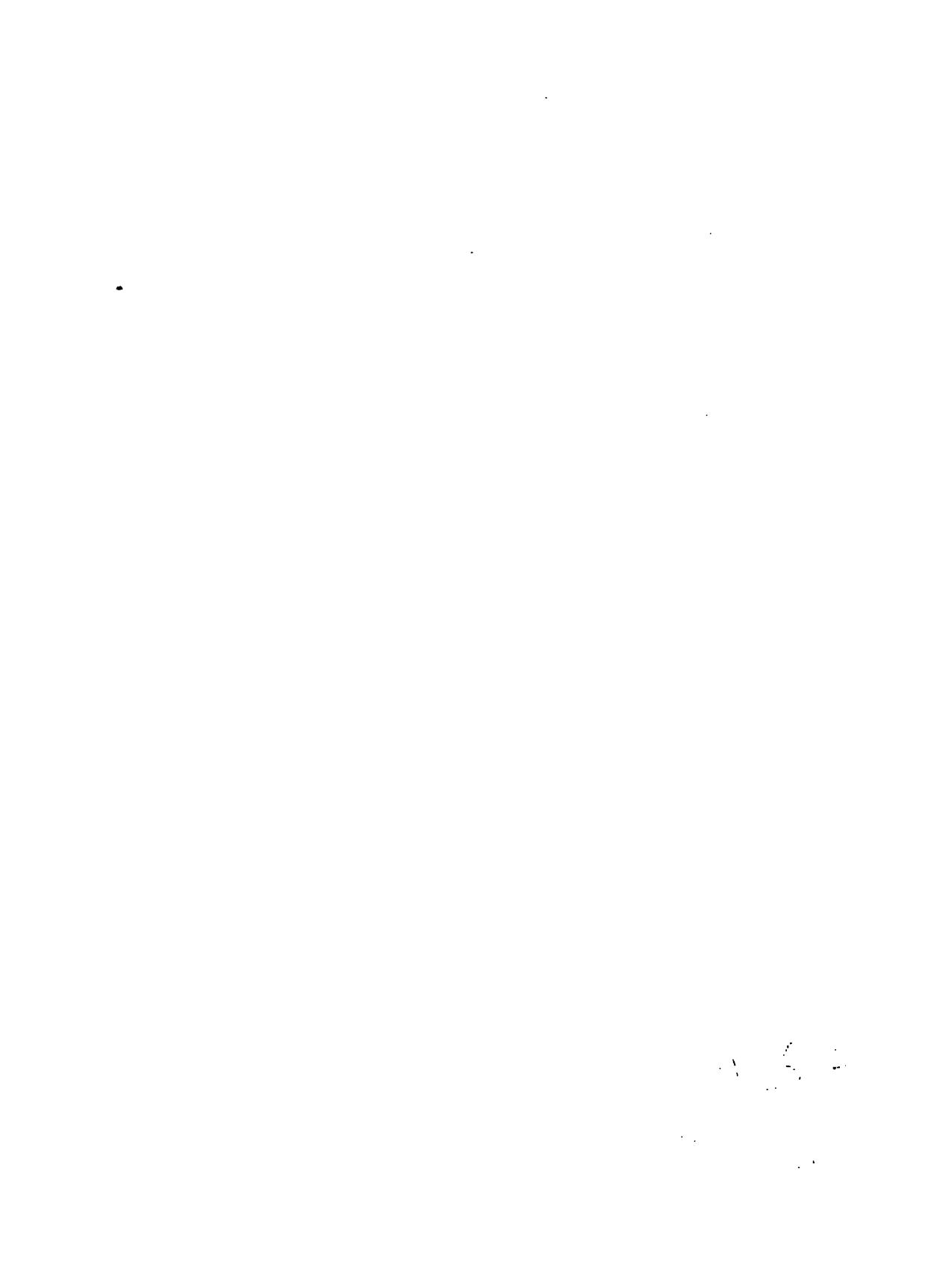
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*Five o'clock in the  
and other Poems*

1. Faculty, Administration - Lowell Collier.

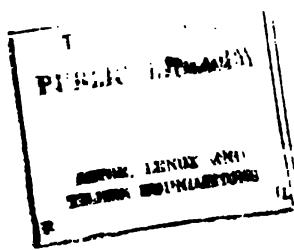














FRAME YOUR MIND TO MIRTH AND MERRIMENT,  
WHICH BARS A THOUSAND HARMS AND LENGTHENS LIFE.  
*Fuming of the Stove.*

# FIVEOCLOCKIANA

AND OTHER POEMS

BEING A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL VERSE, &c., &c.,  
PROMPTED BY CURRENT EVENTS, FOR THE  
MEMORIAL, SOUVENIR, AND FRANKEL

# THE FIVE-O'CLOCK CLUB

OF NEW YORK CITY

And now, at the suggestion of the Executive Committee, published in

A Souvenir of the Club

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EDITION

MARCH 29, 1898

xx

J. HAMPTON MOORE



# FIVEOCLOCKIANA

AND OTHER POEMS

BEING A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL VERSES AND SONGS  
PROMPTED BY CURRENT EVENTS, FOR THE  
MENUS, SOUVENIRS, AND DINNERS

OF

## THE FIVE O'CLOCK CLUB

OF PHILADELPHIA

And now, at the suggestion of the Executive Committee, published as

A Souvenir of the Club's  
FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

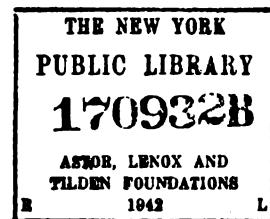
MARCH 26, 1898

BY

J. HAMPTON MOORE

[1898]

M. M.



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President

**CHARLES F. WARWICK**  
*Mayor of Philadelphia*

Vice-President  
**HENRY B. GROSS**

Sec'y-Treas.  
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DEPTA  
PHILADELPHIA

50

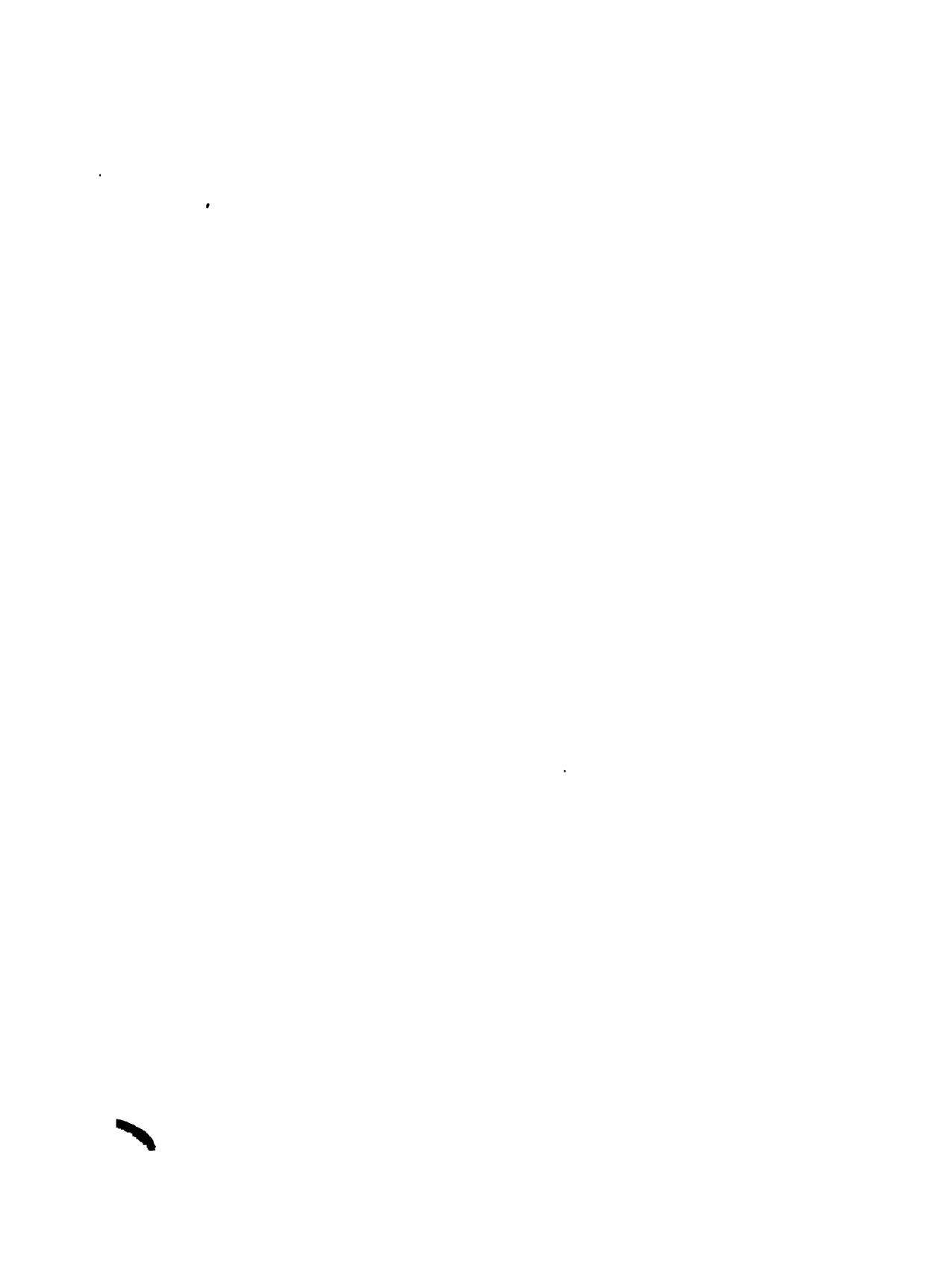
The Five O'clock Club  
of Philadelphia

regards the arrival of your company

Fifteenth Anniversary Dinner  
Saturday evening, March 26<sup>th</sup> 1898.  
at half past six o'clock.

The early answer is invited to  
J. Thompson, Room 201, 20th and  
15th Street, Philadelphia.

Hotel Metropole





The Five O'clock Club  
of Philadelphia  
requests the pleasure of your company  
at the  
Fifteenth Anniversary Dinner  
Saturday evening. March 26<sup>th</sup> 1898.  
at half past six o'clock.

An early answer requested to  
J. Hampton Moore, Secretary  
144 South Penn Square.

Hotel Bellevue



## Salutation to Guests

(AN ACROSTIC.)

**F**riends of years gone by, and new-made friends !  
**I**n friendship's name we bid you stay awhile—  
**V**anish your doubts and cares, and so beguile  
**E**ach fleeting moment that supreme delight  
**O**ur entertainment shall convey to-night.  
**C**are does not venture where our feasts begin :  
**L**et us defy it then, nor bring it in.  
**O**ut Care ! Out Canker ! All is bright to-night.  
**C**ome guests ! with gladsome speech and friendly jest  
**K**eep warm the kindly humor of the Board—  
**C**ount this brief span in Life's quick passage blest:  
**L**ove here shall reign and fill each gen'rous heart  
**U**ntil the dying echoes of our mirth  
**B**etoken that sad hour when we must part.

*Ninth Anniversary.*

## Fiveoclockiana

SOUVENIR OF THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

March 12th, 1892.

### DIALOGISTS.

#### HOSPES.

#### HISTORICUS.

### MEMBERS IN THE CAST.

M. RICHARDS MUCKLE,	JAMES DOAK, JR.,
FRANK SMITH,	J. HAMPTON MOORE,
ROBERT M. MCWADE,	JOSEPH CULBERT,
FRANKLIN SMITH,	WILLIAM H. STAAKER,
JOSHUA R. JONES,	W. HENRY SAYEN,
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B. A. VAN SCHAICK,	DALLAS SANDERS,
SIMON MUHR,	FRANCIS FENIMORE,
HENRY F. WALTON.	

### APPRENTICES.

P. S. DONNELLAN.

CHARLES H. BOWER.

SCENE.

Ninth Anniversary Dinner of the Five O'clock Club, at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia. The Banquet Room, a Floral Bower. Table decorated and diners seated. Hospes, as the guest of Historicus, sits at his right.

---

HOSPES.      Thou sayest they do all believe  
That life is not a drudge ;  
That nature so constructed man  
For usefulness in this great world  
That he can ill afford to stand  
The ever-pressing dull routine  
Without alleviation ?

HISTORICUS.    So I do say, good Hospes.

HOSPES.      Then, by the bonds that make us friends,  
I do declare to thee my own belief  
That they do well, with this—  
If each doth so deport himself  
That love shall keep in check  
The stormy passions of the mind,  
And weld all hearts together.

HISTORICUS.    So it should be,  
And so we'll hope it is to-night ;  
But thou didst ask me, gentle Hospes,  
What doth lead us from these musings ;  
List thou, then, to my poor verse,  
While I do venture to impart  
The knowledge thou dost seek.

**HOSPES.** Thou art most kind ; for I did hear,  
Long ere thou bad'st me be thy guest,  
How learned Brewster at thy festive board  
Did speak in phrase Homeric of thy pains,  
And christen thee *Historicus*.  
Do thou go on with thy sweet lines  
And tell me of these warriors bold,  
Whose rounded forms and cheery tones  
Betoken health and jollity.

**HISTORICUS.** Wouldst thou know every one ?

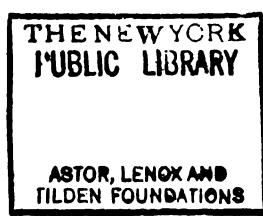
**HOSPES.** Aye, all ! But first do thou begin  
On this good man with melancholy countenance,  
Who doth stir up the rest to mirth  
With captious side-remarks ;  
Asseverating in blunt tones that all  
Are "come for grub."

**HISTORICUS.** What ! knowest thou not him, good Pollock's son,  
Whose boyish pranks delighted Kensington,  
And who, when grown to manhood's full estate,  
Shamed Pompey, that he had not been more great ?  
His fame did spread o'er this domain of ours  
Like morning dew doth settle o'er the flowers,  
And victims he did scatter to the winds  
Like growling lions scatter timid hinds ;  
But he at last, like Caesar, came to grief,  
When men oppressed conspired for relief.

**HOSPES.** What ground doth thou assume  
To liken Pollock unto Cæsar ?



"Great Brewster, too, whom they 'The Savant' call,  
Approving speaks, and wins the hearts of all."—*The Oracle.*



**HISTORICUS.** As Cæsar rose, so Pollock rose ;  
He needed but the crown to make him King,  
The yoke to make us slaves.  
Then 'twas, the great McCarthy, like to Cassius,  
Did so arouse the manly Doak  
Then he did judge himself, like Brutus  
Called, to "take off" his best friend  
And make us free.

**HOSPES.** Then they did tire of his greatness?

**HISTORICUS.** Aye ! They did ask themselves :  
" Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed  
That he is grown so great ? "

**HOSPES.** Indeed ! 'twas very like  
The days of ancient Rome.

**HISTORICUS.** 'Twas very like indeed ;  
For Pollock, once in power, did say  
'Twas Pollock's day forever.  
Then came the ides of March,  
And with them came McCarthy, stirred to anger ;  
For mighty Pollock had suspected him,  
And given all the world to understand  
He had " a lean and hungry look."  
Thou judgest of the rest—Great Pollock fell,  
Not as did Cæsar, at the base of Pompey's statue,  
But here beneath this Board,  
By this old Clock,  
Which some do say held up its hands  
And brushed from its pale face  
Cold tears it ne'er was known  
To weep before.

**HOSPES.** A most portentous augury !  
How strangely history doth repeat itself !  
Who then did come to power ?

**HISTORICUS.** To Doak the spoils of that high office fell ;  
Who, when the clamor rose, did calmly tell  
How he did love great Pollock o'er and o'er,  
And ousted him because he loved us more.  
Thou didst once speak of history's return,  
Watch thou to-night and thou shalt surely learn  
How some dread ghost, like Cæsar's, shall parade  
And drive good Doak upon his trusty blade.  
" He was the noblest Roman of them all,"  
So said Antonius of Brutus—at the fall.

**HOSPES.** And so say I, for I do much admire  
His manly bearing. But tell me, my good friend,  
Are none come here to praise him ?

**HISTORICUS.** Nay, not one !  
For as Antonius came, out of respect for Cæsar,  
So come they for Doak ;  
Not as thou dost suggest, to praise,  
But rather yet to bury him.

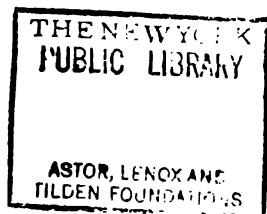
**HOSPES.** Lo, as thou speakest, I do well believe  
He maketh ready to retire,  
And great McCarthy marcheth up  
To take the vacant seat.

**HISTORICUS.** Herein doth history get mixed a bit,  
For Cassius now, by wondrous " presto change,"  
Hath blossomed out in all the glory  
Of Antonius.



"The Nestor Muckle, patriarch in fame,  
From warlike Baden's deep Black Forest came."  
—*Fireoclockiana*.





**HOSPES.** They cry " Long live McCarthy ! "

**HISTORICUS.** 'Tis but the fleeting passion of the time,  
Applauding fickle power in its prime.  
So they did shout for that brave Teuton knight,  
Mark Richards Mucklé, whom none dared to fight,  
And for that stalwart chieftain, Breneman,  
Who captivated maid as well as man ;  
So they did shout for Pollock and for Doak,  
So drank their nectar, and their goblets broke :  
And till another Cleopatra comes  
They'll beat McCarthy's fame on our ear-drums.

**HOSPES.** If then 'tis fixed that he a spell shall reign,  
Wilt thou, Historicus, resume thy tale,  
And tell me who these festive warriors are,  
Enlisted in this company ?

**HISTORICUS.** Five mighty men have I thus shown to thee,  
Each having, with his faults, a pedigree,  
The Nestor Mucklé, patriarch in fame,  
From warlike Baden's deep Black Forest came ;  
Brave Breneman, in sweet Lancastrian bowers,  
Inhaled the soft bouquet of balmy hours.  
Of Pollock I did tell thee much before,  
Like Doak, a Covenanter he, of yore.  
McCarthy's ancient ancestress, 'tis said,  
To Caius Coriolanus fitly wed.

**HOSPES.** By all the gods, I would not be surprised  
If thou didst tell me thou hadst here  
The nephew of Horatius.

**HISTORICUS.** Thou dost remind me of the bold McWade,  
Who filled the vacancy McCarthy made  
When he did rise from second place to first  
And give us good excuse to slake our thirst ;  
Of him strange tales by envious gossips told,  
Point out the genius and expose the scold ;  
When the firm earth did quake in Charleston town  
It was his weight alone that held it down ;  
His lost ancestry, past the Celtic ridge,  
Defeated Lars Porsena at the bridge.

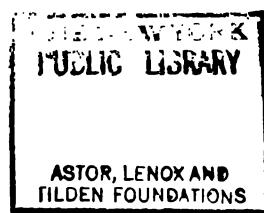
**HOSPES.** Methinks the learned Brewster dubbed thee fair  
When he did give thee for thy name, **Historicus**,  
For, as thy appellation would import,  
Thou art well versed ;  
Indeed thou art grown rich  
In much and divers kinds  
Of information. Do thou go on !

**HISTORICUS.** He whom thou viewest now is Smith, of Wayne,  
Who lately built, o'er fields of golden grain,  
The fairest town of any in the State—  
To which yon Cook did straightway immigrate ;  
And just beyond sits Sayen, Belvedere,  
A nobleman abroad, tho' gentle here ;  
And near him Fenimore, old Bristol's chief,  
A Damon for a Pythias in brief,  
Who, sailing round their Harvey Cedars bay,  
Commune with Neptune, and consume their prey.

**HOSPES.** I like the tone of that ;  
It hath a friendly, jovial, hospitable sound,  
And just a little spice withal. But, pray,  
Upon what do they prey ?



"His (McWade's) lost ancestry, past the Celtic ridge,  
Defeated Lars Porsena at the bridge."—*Five o'clockiana*.



**HISTORICUS.** Hast thou e'er been to Harvey Cedars?

**HOSPIES.** I must confess to thee I did not know  
That on the maps of regions hereabout  
The place existed.

**HISTORICUS.** Then thou should'st know that their domain  
An island is, along the Jersey coast,  
Where they have "water everywhere,  
But not a drop to drink."  
Wherefore for means of sustenance they prey,  
And by the laws of Flotsam and of Jetsam,  
With which thou art conversant,  
Are provided. 'Tis said old Neptune  
Much delights to share with them  
Their booty.

**HOSPIES.** I'll know more of this place anon—  
But tell me of that kindly face  
Behind the vase of flowers.

**HISTORICUS.** A modest man. I would not name him.

**HOSPIES.** Because he's modest ?  
Sufficient reason why you shouldst !  
Such men are scarce.

**HISTORICUS.** In truth, we've many such.

**HOSPIES.** Name him and them !  
For I would know them all.  
'Tis very strange indeed!

• **HISTORICUS.** From that fair land across the Delaware  
Came Franklin Smith, whom thou observest there,  
As in dear France, the cherished *fleur de lis*,  
So by his native State adored is he ;  
Near by him Martin sits, whose fatted kine  
Low softly o'er the rippling Brandywine,  
And Thomson who, a youth, to Vulcan prayed  
That he might lead the Moya fire brigade—  
All modest men ; but Jones, more kindly blest,  
Like great Abou Ben Adhem, leads the rest.

**HOSPES.** Of Smith and Jones I must confess  
I have heard much ;  
For, though they be but modest men,  
Their names are honorable.

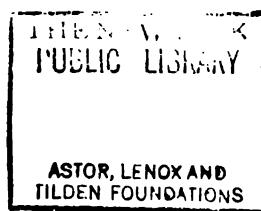
**HISTORICUS.** As roses are by any name as sweet,  
So would they be  
Had Nature so ordained that they  
Had otherwise been known.

---

Now I do come to that group thou dost see  
Half-hid behind yon orange-laden tree,  
There Culbert sits, of Omagh's king the pride,  
Whose verses taught famed Pegasus to ride ;  
When war did rage, the sling in his right arm  
Drove back the Philistines in dread alarm.  
There, too, Mundell doth silently repose  
Nor dream of armor, bursted at the toes,  
But giving ear to Patterson, who speaks,  
Doth think Diana breathes upon his cheeks.



“From that fair land across the Delaware  
Came Franklin Smith, whom thou observest there.”  
—*Five o'clockiana.*



**HOSPES.** A sorcerer, dost thou mean?

**HISTORICUS.** Good Hospes, could'st thou hear him speak  
Thou would'st thyself believe he did  
Owe much to some divinity—  
E'en Jupiter himself.  
Oft have these mighty men, assembled thus,  
Been soothed to slumbers deep  
By his sweet sayings.

**HOSPES.** As I do live and trust mine honest eyes,  
Mundell doth blink already.

**HISTORICUS.** Then ere the dulcet tones do come this way,  
Let us pursue our converse while we may :  
That sturdy knight who sits with visor down  
Is bold Van Schaick, of rustic Germantown :  
With Hudson he did cross " the broad expanse,"  
And lead a swell Four Hundred here, to dance.  
By him good Conover, with chaste salaam,  
Doth drink libations to old Amsterdam ;  
And Gross, whose polished arms do pride display,  
Responds with knightly gesture for Tokay.

---

From chill Tungouska's banks the exiled poor  
Send grateful greetings to yon chieftain, Muhr,  
Who, standing now, as Sanders doth appear,  
Doth rather more inspire love than fear.  
The grave MacKellar, kind and stout of heart,  
Thou see'st in the missionary's part,

Who to Donnellan and to Bower doth treat  
Of Queensland's torrid realm—and Bedford Street ;  
While Walton, who ne'er drops his line for naught,  
Tells how great whales, or little fish are caught.

**HOSPES.**      He spinneth yarns !

**HISTORICUS.**      By virtue of that consanguinity  
That holdeth him to good old Isaak,  
Yea, verily, he does.  
Yet, by the merit of his character,  
He hath been chosen to enact the laws,  
Upholding justice and veracity.

**HOSPES.**      Then yarns, indeed, be truths  
And duly legal.

**HISTORICUS.**      So it would seem, good Hospes, but look hence,  
And, with the consciousness of innocence,  
Gaze on that giant of the forum there  
Who doth condemn the wrong and laud the fair ;  
As great Achilles was to Grecian hopes  
So stately Kinsey is when Bacchus mopes :  
By him, bedecked with scented garlands bright,  
Doth Littleton illume the festive night,  
And, like a rainbow, cast a jewelled sheen  
Of fragrant poesy o'er the brilliant scene.

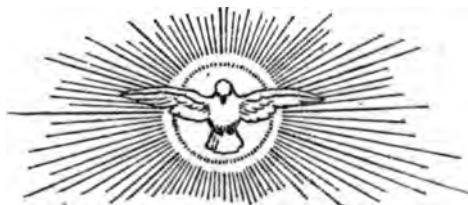
**HOSPES.**      There are but two I yet would know,  
And they do look most sturdy chiefs,  
Of force and erudition.

**HISTORICUS.** By that good counsel he doth keep this night,  
Thou can'st judge Staake for all times aright ;  
In voice a Stentor, and in reason, true,  
His martial fame rose first at Waterloo.  
But last of all in that distinguished place,  
Close by Sir Mucklē's side, where heroes grace  
This great occasion with majestic air,  
Colesberry sits, with kingly debonair,  
Not less like Cicero than Solon, hence,  
The wisest master of true eloquence.

**HOSPIES.** So thou art done !  
Then it is meet that I, thy guest,  
Who have with interest unaffected  
Listened to thy words,  
Should say, though there be some  
Of these who love thee not,  
Thou hast in thy fair narrative  
Been generous ;  
Wherefore I do adjure thee to descend  
From those colossal heights  
To which the truth and thy proud fancy led thee,  
That I, and all the guests at thy brave Board  
Might be much edified,  
And, giving to thyself a just concern,  
Serve honestly thy inner man.

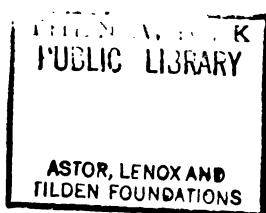
**HISTORICUS.** Thy gentle urging welcome is, as kind,  
For we, thus far, have fed alone the mind,  
While these good knights, on other thoughts intent,  
Have drunk and feasted to their hearts' content.  
The toothsome bivalves they have laid aside,  
The *bouillon* and the *poisson* both have tried,

And now are come to that delicious meat  
Of which we must ourselves begin to eat :  
Far better my poor tale had ne'er been told  
Than thou should'st take thy tender mutton cold.





“All modest men; but Jones, more kindly blest,  
Like great Abou Ben Adhem, leads the rest.”  
—*Five o'clockiana.*



## An Appeal to the Chair

---

Union League, March 9th, 1889.

---

Since last the merry voices 'round this festal board were heard,  
Two men have donned the laurels which admiring hosts conferred,  
And have taken up the mantle where the people laid it down,  
With the hope that fame eternal might their public efforts crown.

The one good man in Washington, to show his admiration,  
Withstood the storm that spent its strength at his inauguration,  
And pledged to people gathered there from every earthly quarter,  
That he would serve them truly, as a noble chieftain "ought'er."

You who were there, you statesmen, well remember the occasion,  
And honor him who won that day the plaudits of the nation :  
You said, "He's safe!" You said, "Well done!" and homeward  
came a-flying,  
In seven Pullman palace cars, with all the "fat a-frying."

Much pleased you were with what you thought the President  
intended,  
You liked the way he treated you, and you your cash expended,  
You cared not for the colonels there, nor generals by the acre ;  
You had your General—Postmaster—the Merchant, Wanamaker.

Well, now, we come to Breneman "The Brave," the Bard hath said,  
Whose Presidential laurels still cluster 'round his head,  
He heard the Nation's President his cheering pledges give—  
What has *he* now to offer us, that we may "let him live?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The man from Lancaster is still—then we will make our prayer  
And call to witness you, good men, that what is asked is fair :—  
" O Man of Lancaster, we pray that thou wilt in thy might  
Put each disturber 'in the soup' and sink him out of sight.

" Remember how this Culbert has inflicted here his verse,  
How he has written doggerel and sung it—which is worse.  
Look, sir, to Thomson, rash young man, who lately dared to woo,  
And like 'a furnace sighing' then, essayed to marry, too.

" Judge Mucklé, sir, as he judged us, and when he starts to ramble  
Remind him how well it would be to stop at the preamble.  
Let Pollock soar up to the flights of eloquence divine,  
But when he drops to Kensington we pray thee, 'draw the line.'

" And as for Doak, O Lancaster, we have to make this plea—  
That thou wilt mark his modesty, and let Protection be ;  
And as for Truitt, Lancaster, give him a gentle hint  
That if he takes the subject up he has full ' leave to print.'

" Then deal thou kindly, Lancaster, with handsome Smith, of Wayne,  
And stir him up to roll around that little ' now ' again.  
Restrain our good friend Franklin Smith, that in his merriment  
He may not burst the golden spell that keeps his humor pent.

“ When Stiles starts in on ‘ Uncle Ned ’ and strikes a major key,  
O Lancaster, please pull him down ; do this in charity.  
And when that artist Addicks, sir, insists on ‘ Punchinello,’  
Give him to understand how near he keeps the road to Hell-o.

“ The ways of Littleton you know—the pride of men and women,  
But ‘ in the swim ’ he’s said to be a-constantly a-swimmin’;  
And Jones, though good in many things, is, as we understand him,  
A man who might do better things, if now and then you’d ‘ land  
him.’

“ When Bob McWade talks Ireland and Staake, Luther praises,  
Assert yourself in all your might and to them both give blazes ;  
Withdraw the tempting Blarney stone, digest the Wormy diet,  
And give us once on these great themes unbroken peace and quiet.

“ Guide thee, aright, O Lancaster, the diamond brilliant Muhr,  
And when he touches on the *Louvre*, give him another tour.  
And O, stay bold McCarthy, Sir, who never has remorse  
When he orates at Five O’Clock, extempore, of course.

“ And now, O Lancaster, we pray that thou wilt do thy best,  
Just give us honest government, and we will do the rest ;  
Squelch any man that interrupts, stand up for what is right  
And give the members of this Club a glorious banquet night.”

## Tick, Tock !

---

Manufacturers' Club, April 22th, 1890.

---

Tick, tock ! Five o'Clock !  
We're just about to dine :  
Tick, tock ! Five o'Clock !  
We'll all be home by nine.

Tick, tock ! Five o'Clock !  
It's such a jolly crew ;  
Tick, tock ! Five o'Clock !  
We may be here till two.

---

## The Calumet

---

Tammany Pea-Shore Fish House, May 24th, 1890.

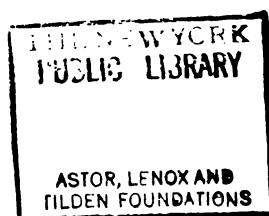
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By the courtesy of Jones,  
We have come to rest our bones,  
Where old Tammany, the noble Chieftain red,  
'Mid the scenery sublime,  
Used to while away his time,  
Never dreaming we'd be here when he was dead.

As the grave old Sachem then,  
Plighted faith with William Penn,  
And beneath the elm tree smoked the tempting weed ;  
So do we, a peaceful set,  
Offer you the calumet ;  
And we hope it's not too strong, we do, indeed.



"Where Rome and Athens are antiques, and Augurs are a bore  
Except when their McCarthy drags the Greeks upon the floor."  
—*Nectarine*



## A Tired Muse

---

October 21th, 1890.

---

Our muse is played out ;  
It was never quite clever ;  
If you don't be merry,  
We'll never be—never !

---

## The Chair and the Clock

---

December 13th, 1890.

---

### THE CHAIR :

The same old Clock stands by the wall—  
The same old Clock so proud and tall,  
The same old welcome bids you all  
To this our modest banquet hall.

### THE CLOCK :

Ah, yes ! The same old Clock I stand,  
And you the same old festive band—  
To these good guests I hear you tell  
The same old tales you tell so well ;  
The same old songs I hear you sing,  
The same old jokes—same everything ;  
The same old “ Now ”—What ! called on me ?  
Well, I declare ! what shall it be ?

## Five o'clock Song

(Tune : "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.")

Manufacturers' Club, December 13th, 1890.

### I.

At five o'clock we love to dine,  
*to dine, to dine;*  
We love to sip the sparkling wine,  
*'ling wine, 'ling wine,*  
And hide ourselves 'mid flowers rare,  
With brilliant comrades everywhere,  
And Pollock seated in the chair,  
*'lock seated in the chair.*

### II.

The guests we proudly entertain,  
*'tertain, 'tertain,*  
Are always welcome here again,  
*again, again;*  
Together we contentment find—  
The heart grows warm and quick the mind—  
And thus dull care is left behind,  
*dull care is left behind.*

### III.

A foeman worthy of his steel,  
*his steel, his steel,*  
Is Pollock at this evening meal,  
*'ning meal, 'ning meal;*  
What may be left, when he is through,  
Of what's to eat—as well as you—  
Is not worth much, 'tis true, 'tis true,  
*Is not worth much, 'tis true.*

### IV.

Right gallant cavaliers have we,  
*have we, have we;*  
Heroes of modern chivalry,  
*'alry, 'alry;*  
There's Colonel Mucklé, man of war,  
Who yearns for Saracenic gore ;  
And whom the love-sick maids adore,  
*the love-sick maids adore.*

### V.

And who's not heard of Colonel C.,  
*'nel C., 'nel C.;*  
The brave and brainy Alex P.  
*'lick P., 'lick P.;*  
Who, when the tide against him ran,  
Fought inch by inch to save his man—  
The big, warm-hearted Gen'ral Dan—  
*warm-hearted Gen'ral Dan.*

## Five o'clock Song

(Tune : "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.")

Manufacturers' Club, December 13th, 1890.

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Is Pollock at this evening meal,  
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What may be left, when he is through,  
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*'lick P., 'lick P.;*  
Who, when the tide against him ran,  
Fought inch by inch to save his man—  
The big, warm-hearted Gen'ral Dan—  
*warm-hearted Gen'ral Dan.*

## VI.

Another plumed, but wayward knight,  
*'ward knight, 'ward knight,*  
Who recently has seen "the light,"  
*the light, the light,*  
Comes down to us a legacy ;  
"Oh, who," you say, "can this man be?"  
He's from the country—Major B.,  
*the country Major B.*

## VII.

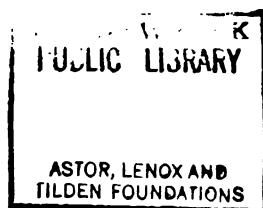
And there is Doak—a soldier tried—  
*'jer tried, 'jer tried;*  
Who fought and bled and nearly died,  
*'he died, 'he died.*  
A courtier strong, on Tariff fed ;  
Of whom the poet Truitt said,  
" He has a very ample head,"  
*a very ample head.*

## VIII.

We've languages and lore and such,  
*and such, and such ;*  
Staake can reach the gods in Dutch,  
*in Dutch, in Dutch ;*  
And bold McCarthy, dreadful knight,  
Who'd often rather eat than fight,  
Can beat the Frenchmen out of sight,  
*the Frenchmen out of sight.*



**"Brave Breneman, in sweet Lancastrian bowers,  
Inhaled the soft bouquet of balmy hours."—*Five o'clockiana*.**



## IX.

But very learned as they are,  
*they are, they are,*  
McWade exceeds them both by far,  
*by far, by far;*  
And tho' they shine in French and Dutch,  
The Celtic tongue they cannot touch—  
For them, the Irish is too much,  
*the Irish is too much.*

## X.

When stately Kinsey takes the stand,  
*the stand, the stand;*  
The rhythmic ring is truly grand,  
*'ly grand, 'ly grand.*  
The “torpid Tiber’s tawny tide”  
To Neptune’s arms is seen to glide—  
A beauteous, beaming, blushing bride—  
*a beaming, blushing bride.*

## XI.

’Tis then with every nerve afire,  
*afire, afire,*  
The tuneful Culbert strikes the lyre,  
*the lyre, the lyre;*  
And through the hall, while he does sing  
“ McCarthy’s Twins,” or anything,  
The chestnut bells in chorus ring,  
*The bells in chorus ring.*

## XII.

We hold a place in heraldry,  
*'aldry, 'aldry;*  
The Smiths correct are on our tree,  
*our tree, our tree;*  
There's Franklin who don't say a word,  
And Frank who always will be heard—  
“Our Next Controller” is the third,  
*Controller is the third.*

## XIII.

Oh, they are worthy men of note,  
*of note, of note;*  
But still another more remote,  
*remote, remote,*  
Who volumes speaks in wondrous tones  
O'er many a heathen's bleaching bones  
Is Josh—the only living Jones—  
*the only living Jones.*

## XIV.

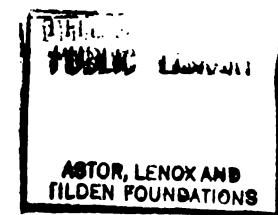
While now, emotion racks your frame,  
*your frame, your frame;*  
Avant ! ere Sayen does declaim,  
*declaim, declaim;*  
The horrors he commits in verse,  
In cold, cold blood could not be worse ;  
He rends apart the universe,  
*apart the universe.*



"As great Achilles was to Grecian hopes—

So stately Kinsey is when Bacchus mopes."

*—Five o'clockiana.*



XV.

We've Rorke, "the people's candidate,"  
*'dide, 'dide;*  
Who thinks the other man must wait,  
*must wait, must wait;*  
And Muhr—we wonder what he'll get—  
Who sent "Friend Bob" a floral set  
And thus got in out of the wet,  
*got in out of the wet.*

XVI.

Still many modest men remain,  
*remain, remain;*  
Whose names we dare not take in vain,  
*in vain, in vain;*  
MacKellar—type of truest blue—  
Cook, Thomson, Stiles, and Martin, too,  
And Gross, who has a private zoo,  
*who has a private zoo.*

XVII.

But, speaking now as friend to friend,  
*to friend, to friend.*  
This song must somewhere have an end,  
*an end, an end;*  
And since Conover gives the wink  
We'll tell you plainly what we think—  
It's time we all should take a drink,  
*we all should take a drink.*

## The Clock Sarcastic

---

January 10th, 1891.

---

### THE CHAIR :

Be seated, friends ; and freely share  
Of this our humble bill-of-fare :  
Here wit and wisdom, mirth and song,  
The early hours of night prolong.

### THE CLOCK :

Good guests ! sincere the greeting is, but pray  
Take heed of what the Chair doth idly say :  
He speaks of song—good guests ! you may not hear  
The dulcet notes of fabled sirens here :  
He speaks of mirth, perchance you will not find  
The laugh sublime that captivates the mind :  
He speaks again, of wisdom, and, forsooth,  
No Solon may arise to judge the truth :  
He speaks of wit—ah, friends ! the Clock hath fears—  
But you'll survive—I've stood it eight long years.

---

## A Members' Dinner

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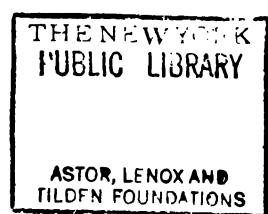
February 14th, 1891.

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We're all alone, now fire away !  
Let candor rule your thoughts to-day ;  
Speak out your mind, aye, that's the rub ;  
What think you of our cheery Club ?



"Of Pollock I did tell thee much before,  
Like Doak, a Covenanter he, of yore.—*Five o'clockiana*.



## The Chairman Pro Tem

---

March 14th, 1891.

---

THE COLONEL, (*Confidential:*)

“ When the President is absent—  
And the President-elect—  
And a strong, firm man is needed  
To keep the Club in check,—  
How could anyone suspect  
They would not at once select  
The Colonel.”

THE COLONEL, (*Poetical:*)

A health to J. P., the fair Cubans impressing !  
A health to J. D., now in bed convalescing !  
A health to J. C., who is ill—sad it is so !  
A health to J. R., now returning from 'Frisco !  
A health to ourselves, may the bonds that unite us,  
At home, or abroad, or in sickness, delight us !

## Eight Bells

---

Eighth Anniversary, April 11th, 1891

---

“ Eight bells !  
And every bell’s a year ! ”  
So says the clock.

“ Ring bells !  
Ring out your merry chime ;  
Ring at the proper time ;  
Cut reason, wit or rhyme,  
Till you have done !

“ Ring in each recreant year ;  
Ring in its hallowed cheer ;  
Ring in its memories dear,  
Ring eight in one ! ”

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*Gravura Photo*

## Eight Jolly Presidents

---

Eight good and jolly presidents, all dignified and able,  
Have held their proud, imperious sway above this festive table.  
First was the courtly Clipperton, Her Majesty's defender,  
Who, being first, of course was first—the office to surrender ;  
Then came the graceful writer, Cook, renowned in books of travel,  
Who rounded out a happy term, then yielded up the gavel ;  
The learned Edmunds next appeared, a high-seas-court practitioner,  
Who soon departed hence to be United States Commissioner ;  
Then Lawrence, bold and jolly tar, held on like sticking-plaster,  
Until the Gov'ner took him off and made him Harbor Master ;  
Next Graham came, grandiloquent, and his retiring journey  
Was like a great triumphal march—to be District Attorney ;  
The hoar and hearty Mucklé, then, of great reforms a pledger,  
Laid down the law with kingly pride and went back to the *Ledger* ;  
Fresh as the fragrant flowers of June, brave Breneman ascended,  
But Lancaster would have him home and so his service ended ;  
Last, from the loom a brilliant star rose to the honored station,  
And Pollock like a meteor shined in the glorious constellation.



## Eighth Anniversary Song

(Tune, "Drink it Down.")

ONE BELL. 6.30 P. M.

Here's to eighty-three !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-three !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-three,  
When we used to say "Wee, wee ;"  
Let us pass it tenderly !  
Good old year, year, year.

TWO BELLS. 7 P. M.

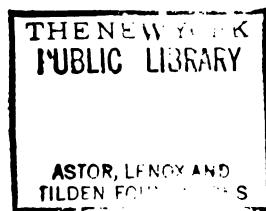
Here's to eighty-four !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-four !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-four !  
When we said a little more,  
Now it's on the other shore—  
Good old year, year, year.

THREE BELLS. 7.30 P. M.

Here's to eighty-five !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-five !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-five,  
Oh, it tried to keep alive,  
But it couldn't so contrive—  
Good old year, year, year.



"By him, bedecked with scented garlands bright,  
Doth Littleton illumine the festive night."—*Five o'clockiana*.



**FOUR BILLS. 8 P. M.**

Here's to eighty-six !  
Good old year, good old year !  
Here's to eighty-six !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-six,  
Rumor has it in a fix,  
Sailing down the river Styx—  
Good old year, year, year.

**FIVE BILLS. 8.30 P. M.**

Here's to eighty-seven !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-seven !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-seven,  
Some have said it's gone to heaven—  
Tell you better past eleven—  
Good old year, year, year.

**SIX BILLS. 9 P. M.**

Here's to eighty-eight !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-eight !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-eight,  
Oh, it stayed till very late,  
And we never learned its fate—  
Good old year, year, year.

**SEVEN BELLS. 9.30 P. M.**

Here's to eighty-nine !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-nine !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to eighty-nine,  
Where it's gone the gay woodbine  
Never yet was known to twine—  
Good old year, year, year.

**EIGHT BELLS. 10 P. M.**

Here's to that old year !  
Good old year, good old year !  
Here's to that old year !  
Good old year, good old year.  
Here's to that old year,  
Lately gone, alas ! from here,  
Leaving us its precious cheer—  
Good old year, year, year.

## Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay Welcome

April 9th, 1892.

We're glad that you are here to-day,  
Indeed—Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay !  
We'll be delighted if you stay  
Until Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay !  
The crack of doom shall blaze away ;  
For then—Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay !  
We'll hear no more this roundelay  
About Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay !

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay !  
Our Clock is set to-day  
To run its merry way  
Until the doom of day ;  
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay  
We'd like to have you stay  
Until the doom of day :  
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay !

## An Explanat~~ion~~

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June 4th, 1892.

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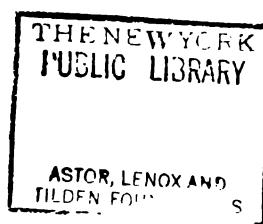
Sometimes we meet at four,  
Sometimes we meet at five,  
Sometimes we meet at six o'clock  
To keep our wits alive.

But heed ye not the hour !  
Our Clock a welcome ticks  
To each brave guest about our Board,  
At four, or five, or six.





"That sturdy knight who sits with visor down  
Is bold Van Schaick, of rustic Germantown."  
—*Five o'clockiana.*



## **A Fish House Madrigal**

**On the Admission of New Members.**

June 24th, 1892.

---

Our hearts are filled with joy to-day  
Because since last we came this way  
Were born to us a choice array  
Of twins and triplets bright and gay ;  
The mystery is how they came,  
For who on this broad earth's to blame  
Is more than we're prepared to say—  
Perhaps the De'il himself's to pay.

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,  
We really cannot say  
To whom is due the pay  
For our good luck to-day ;  
McCarthy's never gay,  
McWade has been away,  
Mucklé is out of play,  
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay.

One day, to our intense surprise,  
The baby Walton cleft the skies  
And, falling square into our lap,  
Partook of our maternal pap.  
Our cup was filled unto the brim,  
For it was fun a-nursing him :  
But, when they came by two's and three's,  
He passed to manhood like a breeze.

Donnellan came, and Bower too,  
Just as twins are apt to do ;  
One was long, the other short,  
And both were not averse to sport.  
Some say Mucklé had his hand  
In this work, you understand,  
Yet his truthful friends agree  
He's suspected wrongfully.

Of triplets, first there came Morrell,  
And, oh, he made our bosom swell.  
Then Porter, coming to the front,  
Was welcomed with a blissful grunt ;  
Now, knowing neither sin nor pain,  
We found increase of joy again,  
And e'er the hour had passed away  
Babe Harris in the cradle lay.

Oh, let sweet William Sayen tell  
How blankets on that day did sell ;  
And go to Gross, if you would know  
Where all the Monkey Soap did go—  
Perhaps Mundell will, if you choose,  
Tell who's been buying children's shoes.  
But that's all right, we're very glad  
To have these "young 'uns" call us "Dad."

## Dinner to Lieutenant Peary

The Arctic Explorer.

The Bellevue, October 15th, 1892.

---

Hail ! Peary ! Hail !  
Our venturous son,  
Thy work was well done :  
The dangers surmounted,  
The Winters' discounted,  
Illumine thy sun.  
On hard tack existing,  
Nor blubber resisting,  
Thou wer't not to fail ;  
But gain a high station  
Which some other nation  
Must find on thy trail.  
In speech, song and story,  
We give thee the glory,  
Hail ! Peary ! Hail !

## “Only a Few, To-night”

---

May 9th, 1891.

---

We're only a few, to-night,  
But if they knew  
Who are not here  
What joy is ours,  
What wealth of cheer—  
With Franklin Smith who tolled the bell  
That gave each passing year its knell ;  
With Sayen whose fine sense of art  
Mixed up the music at the start ;  
With all the heroes most and least,  
Of that immortal April feast—  
Their wrath uncorked,  
With direful sound,  
Would burst the bands  
That bind them 'round.

---

## A June Symposium

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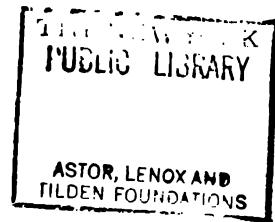
Fish House, June 6th, 1891.

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From bench and bar,  
From near and far,  
From wheresoe'er you come,  
Without ado  
We welcome you  
To our symposium.



"Now comes the last—the only break lay at the Muse's door—  
Who slumbered through the reading of the poetry of Moore."  
—*Nectarine.*



## The Old Rivalry

November 28th, 1891.

### THE CHAIR:

Stars of the evening !  
Chill November's here ;  
Shed thou no feeble light,  
Nor leave us drear.

### THE CLOCK:

Yea, guests ! In speech and song,  
Shine o'er this Five o' throng—  
Stay, Light ! and linger long—  
They need thee here.

## “Here's Five O'clock Cheer !”

January 23rd, 1892.

Here's to the statesmen who makes all our laws !  
Here's to the lawyers who find all the flaws !  
Here's to the judges who heal all our ills !  
Here's to the suitors who pay all the bills !  
We're glad that you're here !

Here's to the yeomen who toil and who spin !  
Here's to each one as we've gathered him in !  
Here's to the leaders in speech and in song !  
Here's to the nabobs who help them along !  
Here's Five o'Clock cheer !

## **A Health to Ourselves**

---

February 23rd, 1892.

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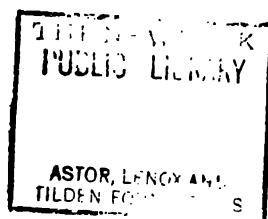
A health to ourselves,  
By ourselves, for ourselves !  
Only once in a year  
Do we meet alone here  
To enjoy our own cheer.  
So a health to ourselves,  
By ourselves, for ourselves !  
And as to our friends,  
We'll make full amends  
And drink double when  
We meet here again.  
So a health to ourselves,  
By ourselves, for ourselves !



"There Culbert sits, of Omagh's king the pride,

Whose verses taught famed Pegasus to ride."

*—Five o'clockiana.*



## Coming Here to Dine

(A Parody on "Coming Thro' the Rye.")

---

March 12th, 1892.

---

If a festive Five-o'Clocker,  
Coming here to dine,  
Should invite you to come with him  
Why should you decline?  
Every fellow has his hobby,  
Some are fond of wine,  
But these 'Clockers only care for  
Coming here to dine.

If you feel a little shaky,  
Coming here to dine,  
Smile at every piece of humor,  
Then you're bound to shine :  
Every fellow has his fancy,  
But I do opine,  
They will love you if you laugh for  
Coming here to dine.

If they roast you without mercy,  
Coming here to dine,  
Don't go way a bit offended,  
Nor to rage incline :  
Every fellow has his day, sir,  
Your's will come, and mine,  
For to-morrow they must pay for  
Coming here to dine.

## A Five O'clock Young Man

(Tune: "Oh, He's a Nice Young Man.")

On the Introduction of Henry F. Walton, the debutant of the Ninth Anniversary.

---

Oh, he's a nice young man,  
The baby of our Ann-  
-Iversary Dinner.  
The blooming young sinner,  
He eats like a full-grown man.

### CHORUS :

Oh, he's a nice young man,  
A Five o'Clock young man,  
A let her-go legally,  
Feeling quite regally,  
My-debut-night young man.

A just-come-out-young man,  
A growing-stout young man,  
A never-go-wrong,  
Five o'clock debutant,  
Not-afraid-of-the-gout young man.

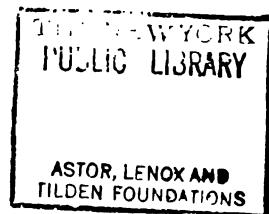
### CHORUS :



"By that good counsel he doth keep this night,

Thou cans't judge Staake for all time aright."

*—Five o'clockiana.*



3

## Introducing the Colonel

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DINNER CELEBRATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF COL. M. RICHARDS MUCKLE'S  
CONNECTION WITH THE *Public Ledger*.

---

November 12th, 1892.

---

It's Mucklé here—it's Mucklé there ;  
It's Mucklé rising through the air—  
It's Mucklé in the foremost chair ;  
It's Mucklé foremost everywhere.  
It's Mucklé in the vocal blare ;  
It's Mucklé in the garlands fair—  
It's Mucklé in the goblet rare ;  
It's Mucklé on the bill of fare.  
It's Mucklé in the golden light  
That mellows fancy's fondest flight—  
It's Mucklé now without a blight ;  
It's Mucklé in our hearts to-night.

## The Secretary's Tribute to Col. Muckle

November 12th, 1892.

Mr. Chairman, I rise at your bidding to speak—  
With a voice that is feeble, with words that are **weak**,  
Of the jolly good fellow who sits at your right,  
The dearest of all the brave guests here to-night.

Who is he? and why do we thus celebrate?  
Why serve these rich viands? This hall decorate?  
Why single him out, when around us arrayed  
Are men of the stuff of which heroes are made?

Was his boyhood a struggle to master success?  
There are others whose trials were surely not less;  
Was his manhood a battle for honor and fame?  
There are others who've striven and won them the same.

Then why do we honor him? Why do we raise  
Our voices in unison, sounding his praise?  
Is it, justly, because from a heroine sprung,  
His virtues we sing and the rest leave unsung?

Because from his love of his forefathers' land  
He helped the distressed with an unselfish hand?  
Or rather to answer humanity's call,  
Did a nobleman's part for no profit at all?

Nay! nay! Nor the prestige of glory abroad,  
Nor the patriot's work do we come here to laud;  
All these, with St. Peter still casting about  
Are credited where there's no rubbing them out.





"HALF WAY UP THE STAIRS IT STANDS  
AND POINTS AND BECKONS WITH ITS HANDS  
FROM ITS CASE OF MASSIVE OAK."  
Longfellow.

There's something unspoken that binds as a rivet,  
A token so tender the tongue cannot give it :  
The yearning that comes when as friends we must part  
The unspeakable tie that welds heart unto heart.

It's the seed of sweet brotherhood scattered by him,  
Yielding Five O'clock fellowship, full to the brim :  
The lesson his footprints on time's sands is giving  
That life is a boon we should make worth the living.

Who taught us to know that the day's jangling tunes  
In harmony echo, when love here communes ?  
Who taught us to know that man never grows old,  
Whose heart is yet merry with turning to gold ?

We must think only good of him, he is our friend ;  
We must speak, when we speak of him, but to commend ;  
On his brow let the wreath of approval be twined,  
Who's of good cheer himself, is a help to mankind.

Let the envious murmur, if murmur they must,  
Admiration is better than mutual distrust ;  
The cynic may scoff, but his jibes pass away,  
They sting us no more as they did yesterday.

In the realm of good spirits, endearment is a law  
To whom candor and kindness their offering draw ;  
To whose altar we come for the nectar of grace,  
To smooth the rough edges ; to make life sublime.

So drink a deep draught to our brother and friend  
Whose youth and whose years so delightfully blend ;  
The love of his fellows, and blessings supernal,  
Make golden his years, and his youth, keep eternal.



HALF WAY UP THE STAIRS IT STANDS  
A STYLING AND BEAUTY WITH ITS HANDS  
A PLACE OF MAGNIFICENT DAK

)

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## Ten-a-Ticking

Souvenir of the Tenth Anniversary

February 25th, 1893.

**G**reetings, Guests ! and a welcome warm—  
**U**nreserved, nor in studied form—  
**E**veryone who is host to-night  
**S**erve on you with supreme delight !  
**T**ake your ease and digest your food !  
**S**o say we—for our credit's good !

THE RESUME.

Ten years of dining and wining—

The Bravest :

Ten years of laughing and chaffing—

The Gravest :

Ten years of mirth,  
Of ringing and singing :  
Applauding and lauding,  
Speech, yarn and ditty ;  
Dull, wise and witty—  
Hail to their worth !

Ten years of preaching and teaching—

Contentment :

Ten years of taming and shaming—

Resentment :

Ten years of truth !  
Of friendships made tighter :  
Of burdens made lighter !  
Of life itself brighter !  
Hail ! years of youth !

## Ten-a-Ticking

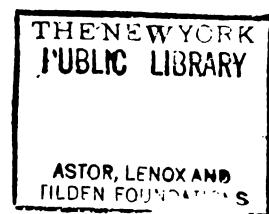
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### THE CLOCK SOLILOQUIZING :

Ten-a-Ticking ! That's my toast :  
And though I seldom boast  
Of what I do,  
I think I know  
A thing or two, about this Club !  
They named it after me—  
And now they're after me  
To open up my Year-Book.  
That's the rub !  
They've had their pot a-boiling,  
Rung their brazen bell  
And passed around the cup—  
But there the jig is up !  
Not one can tell the tale  
But me.  
Oh ! I am fond of them !  
And that, for virtue's sake !  
They're full of merit as of wit !  
But they have come and gone—  
Forgotten—lost their notes—  
And I—  
Who've been a-ticking  
Ten long years—  
Alone remain to tell  
What now appears —



"And just beyond sits Sayen, Belvedere,  
A nobleman abroad, tho' gentle here."—*Five o'clockiana.*



THE CLOCK REMINISCENT :

1883 In Eighty-three, when most of you were boys,  
Your Easter eggs a-picking,  
I first assumed my present stately poise,  
And gaily went a-ticking.  
The ancient lights whose wit I then withstood  
Have flickered and gone out in solemn mood,  
Save four—  
And these—forgive me, ye who smile no more,  
Are sweeter now than any were of yore—  
Good Muckle, with his fifty golden links,  
Who looks at me betimes and slyly winks ;  
The keen McWade who spurns the paste and shears  
And takes up malefactors by the ears ;  
The jocose Smith who sails the raging sea,  
And dear, old Jones whose heart is true to me.

I fain wouldest linger here awhile to muse  
On scenes of vanished beauty ;

1884 But Eighty-four, all mindful of its dues,  
Comes urging me to duty—  
And well it may, for I remember well  
'Twas in this year McCarthy came to tell  
His love ;  
He woo'd in classic strain and quickly won,  
And more, perhaps, I'll tell you later on.

1885 Then Eighty-five its gay appearance made ;

1886 But Eighty-six soon cast it in the shade,  
For then, my fond, suburban cavalier  
The courtly Breneman did first appear.

1887 Now Eighty-seven sweeps before my eyes,  
Its lustre dimmed and hoary,  
Reminding me that I have yet to prize,  
Some remnants of its glory :  
Proud Kinsey's one—he of the common weal—  
Who makes the cutest vagabond reveal  
His crime.

And then great Pollock, versed in Tariff lore,  
And other jokes that statesmen chuckle o'er :  
The watchful Conover who values Time,  
And Littleton who cuts coupons to rhyme :  
Likewise Van Schaick, whose energetic brain  
Is ne'er at ease until he's made his train.

1888 Remember ye the scenes of Eighty-eight  
With all their varied pleasure ?  
When Mucklé tightly held the reins of state  
And measure gave for measure ?  
Ah ! then it was wee Muhr of tender heart  
A giant rose to serve in kindly part  
The poor.  
I do recall the modest blush of Doak,  
Becoming him, who's sturdy as the oak ;  
And its reflex upon the youthful brow  
Of Moore, whose fitful muse, I'm teasing now.  
So, too, the poet Culbert I recall,  
Whose plaintive songs still echo through the hall..

1889 The halcyon days of Eighty-nine I see  
When guests were most confiding,  
And felt that they could safely wander free,  
With Breneman presiding ;



"And Gross, whose polished arms do pride display,

Responds with knightly gesture for Tokay."

*—Five o'clockiana.*



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Their charm, the learned Staake did delight,  
Whose name in goodly work doth shine as bright  
As gold.

Nor do I fail to speak of Sayen bold,  
Who doth some counties in his pocket hold ;  
Nor yet of Gross, the connoisseur of art,  
Who loves his fellow-man in counterpart :  
No more do I forget the gentle Cook,  
From whom I oft detect a winning look.

1890 Come Ninety ! I would now discourse,  
On your rich merry-making ;  
On Pollock's ruthless, unrelenting course,  
That kept us all a-quaking.  
Did I say all ? Nay, I exaggerate,  
For Patterson was proof against a fate  
So dire.  
Yet I was much impressed, withal to find,  
Mundell to Bunyan steadily inclined,  
And Martin filled with sundry noble views  
About the kind of butter we should use.  
But, more than all, Colesberry's art sublime,  
The art of swaying nations, took my time.

1891 When Ninety-one was ushered on parade,  
Doak's master-mind controlling—  
The gay and festive Fenimore essayed  
To keep the ball a-rolling ;  
He started with Godiva on her steed,  
To save the people from their ruler's greed  
And paused—

1892 When lo ! the magic Ninety-two, alert,  
With pomp resistless, witching flounce and flirt ;  
With sparkling streams and waving grasses grown,  
Brought great McCarthy to the gilded throne.  
That night the Statesman Walton made his bow,  
And from his floral crib, expounded " Now !"

The balmy air was filled with fragrant dew  
On Nature's flowers calling,  
And Loving Cups the inspiration drew—  
Big drops in Bower's falling.  
Thus did Morrell, a youthful chief of fame  
Whose merit doth illume a worthy name,  
Succumb :  
Behind him now, a regiment I see,  
A pride to all the State—a boon to me.  
Thus stalwart Porter came, who, mighty chief,  
Left Senate halls to find herein relief ;  
And thus from Councils, Harris did incline  
To be in closer touch with things divine.

Last, do I come to him, our latest joy  
The blushing " babe " McNeely ;  
Whose lusty lungs no longer do annoy  
Nor try our patience freely.  
And now, good guests ! I've passed the mystic V  
When you, and I, and all the world should be  
At peace.  
Do you proceed with honest merriment  
Nor count the hours hence in folly spent ;  
Whose cup is true, whose speech is thought refined,  
Revives the man and stimulates the mind.



"There, too, Mundell doth silently repose,

Nor dream of armor bursted at the toes."

*—Five o'clockiana.*

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## The Will Not Be Boss Any More

(Tune, The Bowery.)

February 25th, 1893.

We gather to-night at the Five O'clock Club,  
With all the big notables eating their grub ;  
With all the great Generals—rub-a-dub-dub—  
Mucklé, the Major, and Pollock, a sub—  
Colonel Morrell, with his spurs lately won,  
And all the old warriors watching the fun ;  
And Mister McCarthy, who's been a great gun,  
But will not be so any more.

### CHORUS :

McCarthy ! McCarthy !  
He said such things,  
And he did such things.  
McCarthy ! McCarthy !  
He will not be the Boss any more !

Great Judges we see who are steady and wise,  
And guarded against any kind of surprise ;  
You never can tell by a look in their eyes,  
Whether two or three months you will draw as a prize ;  
Colesberry and Staake were looking that way  
When Reading's Receivers took Paxson away,  
And so was McCarthy, but sorry to say,  
He doesn't do that any more !

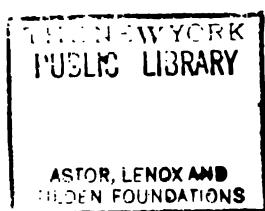
Oh, there are the men who have come from "the Hill"—  
Sir Gobin and Brewer and Old Ballot Bill—  
To sit at this Board and perhaps take a chill,  
So near to the hall of the great Johnny Hill ;  
No matter what Porter or Walton may say—  
No matter if Riter is down upon Quay—  
McCarthy has had an unlimited sway,  
And cannot preside any more.

And think of the statesmen who've come all the way  
From where the free silver is flowing all day,  
To tell us how truly they will not betray  
The little black Isles they are courting to-day ;  
There's Robinson, Wadsworth and Wright who are true,  
And Wanger who's going to show what he'll do,  
But Mister McCarthy is bound to be blue—  
He'll never be Boss any more.

The Governor's here with the whole N. G. P.,  
The great Secretary of State we all see,  
And dozens of others away up in G,  
With whose high opinions we always agree.  
The Mayor, whose smile we are grateful to win—  
Likewise the Director who's sworn against sin—  
Who, eyeing McCarthy—may yet run him in—  
So he won't offend any more.



"And Barnegat's bold chieftain Fenimore—  
Deep draughts they take, that sweet refreshment bring."  
—*The Oracle.*



## The Sword Pendant

---

May 27th, 1893.

---

Ye Guests  
Abide in peace !  
Nor let the wit  
Of Five O'clock  
Disturb a bit  
Thy even-tide :  
Above the head  
Of yon dread Chair  
The pendant sword  
On single hair  
Doth safely guide  
The feast.

## Natives' Welcome Song

(Tune, *Maryland, my Maryland.*)

---

Moreton Inn, Torresdale, May 27th, 1893.

---

“ The despot’s heel is on thy shore ! ”  
Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
He’ll clear thy board and call for more !  
Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Thy hills and vales that charm the breeze !  
Thy tempting vines and fruitful trees—  
Thy cooling streams ; he’ll empty these,  
Torresdale, my Torresdale !

He ’ll trample o’er thy vast estate !  
Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Thy virgin soil he ’ll desecrate !  
Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Salute him with a fond *mon cher!*  
Bring on thine ancient, goodly cheer !  
His stony heart may soften here,  
Torresdale, my Torresdale !



"While Walton, who ne'er drops his line for naught,

Tells how great whales, or little fish are caught."

*—Five o'clockiana.*

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Perchance thou hast a floral bow'r,  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Where he can while away an hour ;  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Perchance thou hast a little wine  
In hallowed bowl, that bright doth shine ;  
That he forsooth, may call divine.  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !

Thy water-falls where robin's love  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Is slyly told his cooing dove ;  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Thy silver bays where sirens lave ;  
Thy gondoliers who sweep the wave,  
May teach him peaceful walks to crave.  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !

But if thy charms entice him not,  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
Then seek ye out the vital spot !  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !  
No longer dwell in mortal woe,  
Fetch on thy steeds—thy prancing show—  
And take him on thy tally-ho !  
    Torresdale, my Torresdale !

## Five O'Clockee Doodle

(A Song.)

---

May 27th, 1893.

---

I went up to Torresdale  
To see how things were going,  
And if I told you all I saw  
You'd think that I was blowing.

CHORUS :—Fitler, Dolan and Morrell,  
Porter and his pony—  
Raising sass and 'sparagrass,  
And living mighty toney.

Farmer Fitler had a house  
And from the roof to cellar,  
He had it painted in and out,  
A most delightful " yellar."

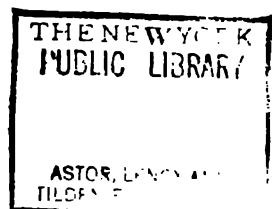
Farmer Dolan had a cow  
And she was full of learning,  
She yielded nineteen quarts a day  
And did the family churning.

Farmer Porter had a horse,  
She'd do a mile a minute  
In heavy gear and sulky, too,  
If Porter wasn't in it.



"Thus stalwart Porter came, who, mighty chief,  
Left Senate halls to find herein relief."—*Ten-a-Ticking*.





,

**Farmer Brown, he went to town**  
A great big horn a-blowing,  
But when he got back home again  
He went to tally-hoeing.

**Farmer Walton had a hen**  
And she set like "the dickens,"  
Until one day, with thirteen eggs  
She hatched out twenty chickens.

**Farmer Beitler had a tree—**  
A chestnut tree they dubbed it—  
And when the chestnuts wouldn't fall  
He went to work and clubbed it.

**And then I saw the Colonel there**  
With everything in season,  
He wouldn't sell a lima-bean,  
I do not know the reason.

**When I got back to our place**  
And told my folks the story  
They said that Morelton must be  
A-pretty nigh to glory.

## The Toilers of Torresdale

(Air, "The Marseillaise.")

July 15th, 1893.

Sons of toil ! The day is waning,  
Darkness dims the summer sky ;  
Yonder, see the moon ascending !  
See its gleam upon the rye—  
Its gleam upon the rye !  
Whose golden sheaves the winds are bending.  
All nature bids thee be at ease—  
Thy every wearied sense to please—  
Nor aught this boon will dare deny thee !  
Thy Angelus has tolled—  
Thy herds are in the fold !  
'Tis thine to be  
Blithesome and free,  
Ye men of industry !

Tho' the world behold with envy  
How thy soil hath prospered thee,  
Let no drone, of lack complaining,  
Cloud thy righteous jubilee—  
Thy righteous jubilee !  
Reward of energy unfeigning.  
To thee the children come for bread ;  
By thee are hungry mortals fed,  
And yet do idle gossips murmur !  
Live on in sweet accord ;  
Thy labors fill thy board !



EDWARD S. SCHAFFNER  
PRESIDENT OF THE  
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION



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**'Tis thine to be  
Blithesome and free,  
Ye men of industry !**

With the morn, from slumbers rosy,  
Thou wilt to thy plow again ;  
To thy fields where tares contending  
Shrink beside thy sturdy grain—  
Beside thy sturdy grain ;  
Its loving waves to thee extending.  
Thy rugged cheeks and horny hands,  
Will then delight the fertile lands,  
And urge them to their best endeavor.  
Then stir the eve to mirth ;  
The morn attests thy worth !  
**'Tis thine to be  
Blithesome and free,  
Ye men of industry.**

## Sowing the Seed

---

A Harvesting Song.

---

Torresdale, October 7th, 1893.

---

Sowing the seed here in CASTOR's ward ;  
Sowing the seed where MORRELL is a lord ;  
Sowing the seed where there's lots of sand—  
Sowing the seed with a four-in-hand.

Cho.—Oh, what will the harvest be ?  
Oh, what will the harvest be ?  
Will it be silver, or will it be gold ?  
DOLAN can tell, if he will, I am told ;  
Be it in coin or in currency,  
Tell me, oh, what will the harvest be ?

Sowing the seed on the WARWICK farm,  
Where the dear seed will not do any harm ;  
Sowing the seed over WALTON's way  
Where the poor Brahmmins are sick of hay. —Cho.

Sowing the seed where the BRITLER hoe  
Battles for right in the rag-weed row ;  
Sowing the seed where (the story goes),  
Nothing but Neufchatel ever grows. —Cho.

Sowing the seed in a ward, you see,  
Where there's a statesman to every tree ;  
Sowing the seed where they keep in line—  
Sowing the seed of the great Combine.



"Or Beitler, who, retired from scenes of strife,  
Assumed the ermine and became renowned."—*The Oracle*.

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**CHO.**—Oh, what will the harvest be?  
Oh, what will the harvest be?  
Will it be naughty, or will it be good?  
**PORTER** could tell, I am told, if he would—  
Will it be wise and select you or me?  
Tell me, oh, what will the harvest be?



## At Home Again

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October 14th, 1893.

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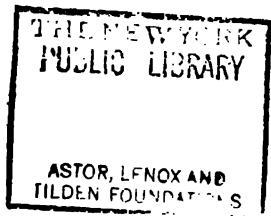
Back again from the salted seas ;  
Back from the mountains' nimble breeze ;  
Back from the wild and windy west ;  
Back to the scenes we love the best.

Go where we would both far and near,  
Never a spot we found so dear ;  
Never a time when spirits bright,  
Gave such cheer to the appetite ;  
Never a time when minds so run  
As they do here—in unison.



"Then Redding, one Demosthenes  
Outdistanced, in his text."—*The Immortals.*





## Friendship Ties

November 18th, 1893.

What greater welcome can men give than this—  
Our hands, our hopes, our hearts are yours—  
'Twere yours, could we prolong this blessed hour  
Through all the years that life endures.

That ancient clock in yonder hall does speak  
Of rich and sacred friendship ties,  
And none may here offend his fellow-man,  
Nor wrong the love it typifies.

## Dialogue for Newcomers

November 18th, 1893.

THE CHAIR : Who have we here, some kindergarten " fellers ? "

THE CLOCK : Yea, Beitler, Redding, Stewart and Oellers.

THE CHAIR : And fear ye not our quietude to throttle ?

THE CLOCK : Nay, friend, for they be weaned and put to bottle.

## The Brewster Hymn

(Tune, "America.")

Sung by the Club at a Dinner given by Judge Brewster.

November 27th, 1893.

O, Brewster, 'tis by thee,  
And thy sweet dignity,  
We are undone.  
Thou hast made great a name ;  
Brought state and city fame ;  
Shall we not here proclaim  
Thy honors won ?

Thou hast improved the store  
Of rich and classic lore  
And deeds profound ;  
And with thy mind of might  
Thou hast infused the light,  
Where all was as the night,  
In darkness bound.

And from thy gen'rous heart  
Thou dost good cheer impart  
Whate'er befall.  
Thy hospitality  
Doth warm mankind to thee ;  
Thy faultless courtesy  
Surpasseth all.

Then shall we wait 'till death  
Implants its tardy wreath  
Upon thy brow?  
And shall false modesty  
Withhold our love of thee?  
Nay, thou shalt know that we  
Esteem thee *now!*



## “Ye Call for Toasts”

January 13th, 1894.

Ye call for toasts, ye veteran hosts ;  
And ye recruits say aye—  
Then to the Clock your ears unlock  
And draw your chairs up nigh :  
The Club's the theme ! What hath it done ?  
What may it yet attain ?  
When toil hath borne ye down, hath not  
It made ye strong again ?  
And hath it not to this dear spot  
Brought him from every clime,  
Who left his cares upon the stairs  
And found your Board sublime ?  
'Tis true ; for I have set mine eye  
Upon ye yeomen all,  
And thro' the years have seen your fears  
Take flight from this old hall—  
Then hold ye fast, as in the past,  
To that good cheer ye know,  
For when the earth ye fill with mirth  
The De'il ye keep below.

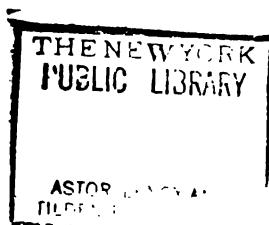




"Then Patterson comes quickly into view,

Whose future hath some honors yet in store."

*—The Oracle.*





WELCOMING  
THE GODS

## Nectarine

Souvenir of the Eleventh Anniversary

February 10th, 1894.

From rosy dreams one recent morn, great Jupiter  
arose,  
And finding that Aurora left a tint upon his nose,  
Called Ganymede, his faithful page, to bring his  
golden cup,  
Because he felt he needed just a little warming up.

The boy went off but soon returned with terror in his eye—  
The cup was nowhere to be found upon Olympus high ;  
It was in place the night before, the daunted squire said,  
But someone must have “hooked it” after Jove had gone to bed.

Whereat the Thunderer was wroth and shook his tawny locks,  
And gave the sombre skies around some most terrific shocks,  
Which fetched the gods in fearful haste from Hades, hills and all,  
To hear the why and wherefore of this early morning call.

They saw upon that awful brow, the furrows fitful, play,  
And wondered if some Argus-eye had given them away,  
But never spake a single god till Hermes, like the breeze,  
Brought forth his Father’s nectar cup, and fell upon his knees.

Now Jove was fond of Hermes—but to let him go untried,  
Would mean, as he foresaw at once, that he might be defied  
By any other knave who dared celestial tricks to play,  
And so he stood the culprit up to hear what he would say.

“Ungrateful rogue!” he first began, “it makes me boiling mad,  
To think that thou, of all my sons, should’st trifle with thy dad—  
Why did’st thou steal my golden cup and bring it back to me  
With not a drop of nectar left? Proceed, and make thy plea!”

Hermes was mute, and all the gods looked on with guilty care,  
And wished by their ancestral ties they could slip off somewhere;  
‘Till Jove, observing how it was, his fiercest glances shed,  
And spoke so sharp the Fates, appalled, got tangled in their thread.

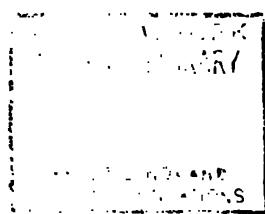
“Thou knowest when the Roman Senate turned our statues down  
And said they would not have our sacred temples in their town,  
I swore by Father Kronos they would wait 2000 years  
Before we’d let their vulgar speech rasp our seraphic ears.

“Then swear it by thy silver tongue, if thou would’st be let go—  
That none of this immortal drink did’st thou bestow below!  
I would not quench a Roman thirst for Pallas or for Pan—  
So swear that not a drop of this was drunk by mortal man!”

At last the culprit raised his head, the gods they closed their eyes—  
“Thou knowest, Father,” Hermes said, “that Hermes never lies—  
The truth I always will admit—I broke thy stern command,  
And passed that golden cup around a festive mortal band.

“But, Father, it was not for Rome I braved thy righteous rage—  
It was a fairer country—just 400 years of age;  
Where Rome and Athens are antiques, and Augurs are a bore—  
Except when their McCarthy drags the Greeks upon the floor.

“Their home is Philadelphia, and they worship at the shrine  
Of Liberty, a goddess fair as any in our line—  
Where Mammon yields to Charity, and men forget to hate,  
And open-hearted Fellowship is grafted in the State.





*Laurea Flora*

"Unseen, I listened to their speech, their candor, wit and lore,  
And learned that men were changed from what they used to be of yore;  
I saw their arts and sciences, their ships and moving traus,  
And praised aloud their enterprise on mountains, seas and plains.

"Lo, then it was McCarthy called, to tell me I must come  
To dine with them at Five O'clock before I started home;  
I yielded. Father then again I yielded, and again—  
Until I was ashamed to stand upon those worthy men.

"They still invited me to come, I sought to make amends—  
They only welcomed me the more, I yielded, "Bring your friends!"  
They had their Brandy spiced to taste, I'd give Minerva points—  
He was so fluent when I talked, I ached in the joints.

"Last night, I went to dine with all the gods but thee  
Who were Ibed, we were all went down below with me:  
'Twas then I took a goblet with nectar overflowing,  
And set it round the sports, and to pay what I was owing.

"My guilt is past, I have sinned, I will yet be repaid  
And say the cup of nectar I have returned two and three  
For what we thus have gained, I know, is of approved value,  
Will save thy throue from devide and from forever f-

Long silence followed Hermes' words, the gods were silent,  
While over on Parnassus all the Mus did the same,  
The Nymphs and Dryads huddled close together,  
But Jove, who was a-thinking, could not make a name.

At length, a curious shade of light spread over the augury,  
And he exclaimed, "Go on, and tell me more of this.  
"If these good men are so disposed, as thou dost report,  
We may suspend our judgment till some other time or hour.



“Unseen, I listened to their speech, their candor, wit and lore,  
And learned that men were changed from what they used to be of yore;  
I saw their arts and sciences, their ships and moving trains,  
And praised aloud their enterprise on mountains, seas and plains.

“Lo, then it was McCarthy called, to tell me I must come  
To dine with them at Five O'clock before I started home ;  
I yielded, Father—then again I yielded—and again—  
Until I was ashamed to sponge upon those worthy men.

“They still invited me to come—I sought to make amends—  
They only welcomed me the more and added, ‘Bring your friends !’  
They had their Brewster speak to me—he’d give Minerva points—  
He was so eloquent withal, I weakened at the joints.

“Last night, O Jove, they had a feast—and all the gods but thee  
Who wer’t abed in sweet repose, went down below with me :  
’Twas then I took thy golden cup with nectar overflowing,  
And sent it round that mortal board to pay what I was owing.

“My guilt, O Father, I confess, but I will yet be bold—  
And say the cup of nectar gone, may be returned two-fold ;  
For what we thus have gained below, if but approved by thee,  
Will save thy throne from desuetude and dust forever free.”

Long silence followed Hermes’ words, the gods were still as death,  
While over on Parnassus all the Muses held their breath :  
The Nymphs and Dryads huddled close and trembled in the wind,  
But Jove, who was a-thinking, could not quite make up his mind.

At length, a curious shade of light spread o’er his august face  
And he exclaimed, “Go on, and tell me more about this race !  
“If these good men are so disposed, as thou dost now report  
We may suspend our judgment till some other term of Court.”

Encouraged, Hermes took the cue, and told, as well he could,  
How well they ran their city and maintained the public good ;  
How Porter got the voters out upon election day,  
And how in the affairs of State the humblest had his say.

He told of Graham stopping crime ; of Thompson stopping fraud,  
And said that Justice did not know which one the most to laud ;  
He told of Warwick and the law ; of Beitler and the peace,  
And said that Virtue's praise of both would hardly ever cease.

He told about the dinner and observed that it was rare  
To see the lovely Juno masticate the bill of fare—  
Indeed, she said to Mucklé, that ambrosia was a mile  
Behind a plate of terrapin in Quaker City style.

“And then their Pollock came,” he said, “and whispered unto me  
That Congress soon would pass a bill to let us all in free—  
Which Ceres told me later, was explained to her by Doak,  
Who said the bill was nothing but a little Tariff joke.

“ Then Walton told us of their House, and Staake of their Bar  
And both of them in eloquence I rated over par ;  
Their Harris spoke of building for the simple wants of trade,  
And Hello overcharges were transmitted by McWade.

“ Their Kinsey told our Pluto how they peopled Cherry Hill  
And how they'd bind Prometheus by finding a true bill ;  
And Gross remarked to Hercules that if he ever had  
An Augean Stables' job again, to read the Monkeyad.

“ The Sibyl's books our Clio found had been displaced by Jones,  
And Fenimore told Thalia that minstrels rattled bones ;  
The Hours heard from Conover how true they kept their Time  
And Calliope told Littleton that Culbert was sublime.



"Near them Oellers sits, who hath the key  
To all the wealth their city boasts, in fee."—*The Oracle*.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

“Colesberry mingled youthful ways and martial days to Mars,  
And then Morrell his chargers linked to Bristol trolley cars ;  
While Sayen taught Apollo how to shoot a friendly cork  
And asked if they had ever heard, in heaven, of New York.

“Their Redding said he’d often read about Pandora’s box,  
And wondered if the gods had thought of patenting their locks,  
Which moved Oellers to observe that if the gods were kind  
He’d gladly keep their secrets in the city vaults confined.

“McNeely told Diana that he’d tan Actæon’s hide,  
And Hebe’s fall in Solar Tips cut Mundell’s lofty pride ;  
Then Muhr delighted Venus, whom their Bower counted fair,  
By telling her how sweet she’d look with diamonds in her hair.

“Their Breneman deserted Mars for Vesta’s virgin smile  
And their Van Schaick breathed incense to our Flora all the while ;  
Their placid Smith told Neptune how to scatter oil about,  
And Cook showed Vulcan where to hit to knock a Titan out.

“Ask Hygeia to say how well they cured ‘the grip’ they had—  
And let her tell why Stewart thought our Cupid poorly clad,  
And let me add a word of Beck, who made their Forum ring—  
That he so well contended, I applauded everything.

“Now comes the last—the only break lay at the Muses’ door—  
Who slumbered through the reading of the poetry of Moore—  
Melpomene apologized—Terpsichore essayed  
The danse du ventre of the gods—and thus amends were made.”

With this, sly Hermes bowed his head—content that he had won—  
But prayed that Jove would punish him for what the rest had done,  
And all the gods—who saw the point—rebelled and said they’d strike  
If Jove dealt not his thunderbolts to one and all alike.

Thus was the Thunderer appeased—their frankness touched his  
heart—

And Nemesis applauded when he told them to depart—  
“ But let us clearly understand,” he said, in accents strong,  
“ That when you dine below again, I want to go along.”



## Dinner to the Club

At the Invitation of Henry B. Gross, a Fellow-Member.

---

April 14th, 1894.

---

Our Gross has pre-empted at Five O'clock night ;  
Our Gross is a man in whose charms we delight ;  
He gives a good dinner and serves it up right,  
With smilax and posies and garlands so bright,  
With bronzes and vases and shimmering light,  
And all the essentials that tend to excite  
The vivid, undaunted, superb, erudite :  
Moreover, of Gross, it is said, he can write  
A line with a pen that will settle at sight  
The havoc that's borne of a good appetite—  
Wherefore, be it known, that our Gross is all right.

## We Will Dine With You To-Day

(Tune, "Friday.")

Sung at the Gross Dinner.

April 14th, 1894.

### I.

'Twas growing late and the talk was o'er  
When Gross, full of kindness, took the floor  
And said he never, in going round,  
Had met companions so profound.  
"I would feel so proud, some day," said he,  
"To have this Club come dine with me—"  
"Why bless you, dear old man, said we,  
"Just name the day— when shall it be?"

### CHORUS :

Oh, to-morrow will be Sunday,  
We will dine with you to-day :  
Oh, to-morrow will be Sunday,  
So we'll wine—  
and dine with you to-day.

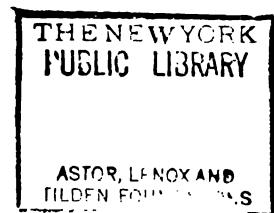
### II.

And singing thus, they departed straight,  
Each one to his home to cogitate,  
And read and read from his ancient books—  
While Gross went searching after cooks.  
"I'll give a feast for the gods ;" said he,  
"The chef a monarch's chef shall be."  
Whereat, each one, when prayers were said,  
Sang softly, as he made for bed : —CHO.



"Their Graham thou should'st see, whose mighty arm  
Doth even-handed justice strict maintain."—*The Oracle.*





### III.

Then one by one to the feast they went  
And joined in the mirth and merriment—  
And one by one, as the courses came,  
They fell intent upon the same.  
They sipped, each one, of the wine so rare ;  
The curling smoke they blew in air,  
And thought no more of musty books,  
But sang of Gross's jolly cooks : —CHO.

### IV.

They sat and sang and they thought, not one,  
Of the time of day, now almost done—  
And they gave no sign till the bright light's glare  
Revealed to them that the Board was bare ;  
Then they heard the tick of the good old Clock—  
Tick, tock ! Tick, tock ! Tick, tock ! Tick, tock !  
And they said “ We guess the old Clock's right !  
“ Good night, friend Gross ! Good night ! Good night !

## At Rosemary and Sunnyside

---

Dinner to the Club by Senator Charles A. Porter and Speaker  
Henry F. Walton.

---

May 15th, 1894.

---

Rosemary's ours and cosy Sunnyside ;  
Their lawns and bowers, their beauteous rustic pride,  
All welcome us who've come our weary way  
To celebrate good Porter's natal day.

Hail, then, ye Clockers ! these delightful scenes !  
Here, Walton's smile illumines the sprouting greens !  
Here, blooming rye and field of early corn,  
Are glad as we, that Porter e'er was born !

---

I'm thinking how lonely we'd all be to-day  
If Porter had kept himself out of the way ;  
I'm thinking how wretched the city we'd see,  
If he'd said " your chairman I never can be."

I'm thinking how barren these fields would have been,  
If he had remained in a world without sin ;  
I'm thinking we'd all be abject and forlorn,  
If Porter had never been born.



FIG. 10.—OVERGROWN GARDEN, 1900.

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## Farewell Dinner

To the Club, by James Pollock, on his departure from  
New York for Europe.

The Waldorf, New York, May 25th, 1894

To weep, or not to weep : that is the question :  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of a gifted Pollock,  
And in honest grief at his departure, end them :  
Or, by taking cheer of hostile elements  
And stirring up his sea of troubles,  
Laugh with Neptune at his misery !

## Sympostum and Initiation

---

Fish House, June 16th, 1894.

---

And now, to wit : this sixteenth day of June,  
We meet again, to part, alas, too soon ;  
To eat, to drink ; to sing, perchance to soar,  
With these, our guests, above this vulgar shore :

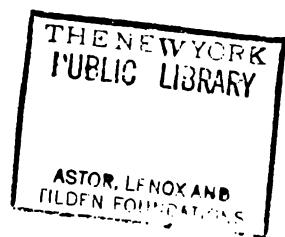
With them to hold a working world at bay,  
While we enjoy our righteous holiday ;  
With them to kiss the lusty "Baby's" brow  
And bring him safely into manhood, "Now."



"The brilliant Warwick, who doth rule their town,

Applauds the theme and turns the Stoics down."

*—The Oracle.*



## The Nectar in the Bucket at the Gate

(Tune, "The Bold McIntyres.")

### I.

On Tammany's shore  
Where Mucklé and a score,  
Of patriarchal sages congregate,  
They'll teach you how to find  
Absolute content of mind  
With the nectar in the bucket at the gate.

### CHORUS.

It's brimful of cheer—  
And they mix it every year,  
They take it merely to invigorate—  
Why, they hardly ever stop  
After once they get a drop  
Of the nectar in the bucket at the gate.

### II.

Now, I'll tell you how they do  
When they want to put you through,  
It's a very simple plan, I wish to state ;  
If you fail to wash your cup,  
Then you have to "set 'em up"  
To the nectar in the bucket at the gate.

### III.

But there's still another way,  
Which these patriarchs do say  
Makes their system of exchanges simply great—  
If you wash your cup—why then—  
You must "set 'em up" again  
To the nectar in the bucket at the gate.

## Travellers Welcomed

---

Dinner to the Club, by William Henry Sayen, the President.

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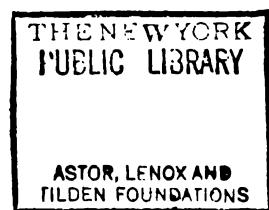
Fish House, September 25th, 1894.

---

In the name of the Club, ye Clockers and friends,  
Our President Sayen, a welcome extends ;  
In the name of the Club he invites you in season,  
To a flowing of soul and a feasting of reason :  
To honor Judge Brewster, half-century great—  
The pride of our hearts and the pride of our State ;  
To greet our dear Pollock, who's been off with Ayres,  
Maintaining our status in foreign affairs ;  
To shake by the hand those intrepid explorers,  
Our Gross and our Jones, the adored of adorers—  
To learn, with ears tingling and cheeks all aglow,  
What on earth they were doing abroad, don't you know.



"Thou"would'st have peace could'st thou but hear him plead  
Or patient Thompson tell the public need."—*The Oracle*.



## Consolation

October 20th, 1894.

In times like these, when party men assume immense proportions,  
And our poor country suffers from a series of distortions ;  
When we are at the mercy of our foes, and our defenders,  
And incidental trolley cars that haven't any fenders ;  
When every fellow's loaded with political ambition,  
And cannot see the sense of any sort of opposition,  
We love to take ourselves away, each as to each a brother,  
And give ourselves, despite the times, a cheer to one another.

## Dinner to Richard G. Oellers

City Treasurer-Elect

November 17th, 1894.

Dear Mr. Oellers, our unwritten laws  
Forbid us to sanction a partisan cause :  
And well, sir, it is so—Else we might offend  
And temper the cheer we delight to extend  
To every good fellow who comes to our Board  
In quest of relief and fraternal accord :  
But since a great people have made you their choice  
We honestly think we've a right to rejoice,  
And say, with all pride, as we honor you thus,  
We're glad, in their wisdom, they took one of us.  
And lastly, we hope you may never grow weary  
A-counting the cash that is left by McCreary.

## **Dinner to Henry F. Walton**

**On his Election as Speaker of the House of Representatives  
of Pennsylvania**

---

**January 26th, 1895.**

---

How doth the little country boy  
Improve each shining minute !  
In fertile fields and blooming rye,  
In causes just and forums high,  
He'd tackle fame and win it !  
There never was a day or year,  
In his eventful young career,  
In home, or club, or hall of State,  
Where heart and brain most gravitate  
That he has not " been in it ! "



"And let me add a word of Beck, who made their Forum ring.  
That he so well contended, I applauded everything."—*Nectarine*.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

## Dinner to Hon. Charles F. Warwick

Mayor-Elect of Philadelphia

---

Twelfth Anniversary, March 16th, 1895.

---

Had he been made of minor stuff  
We long e'er this had had enough,  
But being sturdy, strong and brave  
He rode upon the topmost wave  
Of our esteem.

And tho' we blush of this to speak  
When men are wanted, people seek  
Where merit is ;  
So, when responding to their call,  
Our Warwick takes the City Hall  
Our faith is his.

---

### WARWICK RECITATIVE :

“ With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.”

WARWICK MEDITATIVE :

But on reflection  
Since the election,  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee,  
Tho' sweet, I grant them,  
Had no such anthem  
As sixty-one thousand  
To spare, for me.



## The Triumvirate

---

Dinner to JOHN L. KINSEY, Elected City Solicitor; ABRAHAM M. BRITLER,  
Re-appointed Director Department of Public Safety; THOMAS M.  
THOMPSON, Appointed Director Department of Public Works.

---

May 3rd, 1895.

---

### To OUR VICE-PRESIDENT, THE CITY SOLICITOR.

May your first official function  
Be, to take out an injunction  
That will keep the awful public  
From our trail ;  
For, egad, if they still woo us,  
And malignantly pursue us,  
There'll not be a Clocker left  
To tell the tale.

### INTRODUCING MR. KINSEY :

He formerly expounded  
In a way that gave a shock  
To the rascally offenders  
That were trembling in the dock :  
But his soul sought new dominions,  
And he's revelling to-day  
With those succulent opinions  
Warwick failed to take away.

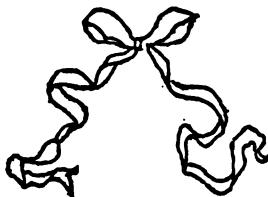
INTRODUCING MR. BRITLER :

Sometime a city advocate,  
Intent on winning cases,  
He quit his practice at the bar  
To practice with the maces ;  
And now, in leisure moments, he—  
Tho' wise enough a judge to be—  
Applies his tireless energy  
To gentlemanly husbandry  
Along the swift Poquessing.

INTRODUCING MR. THOMPSON :

His fortune made in honest trade  
He entered Councils for awhile  
And glancing round with thought profound,  
Espied the city's marble pile :

There, on his guard, and working hard,  
He made us toe the mark, alas !  
But all the same, the tempter came  
And now, he's making water—gas.

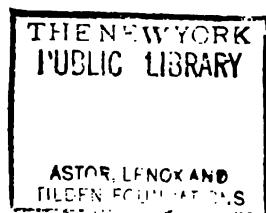




"Or watchful Ingham, who doth give alarm

To rogues that work their Uncle Sam for gain."

*W. C. W.*



## Dinner to Gen'l Daniel D. Hastings

Governor of Pennsylvania, and Cabinet

---

Moreton Inn, Torresdale, June 22nd, 1895.

---

O Governor, good Governor !  
It's on our minds to say to you,  
Our hearts and hands and fertile lands,  
All dedicate the day to you.  
Here, where the rose its perfume blows  
Upon the rugged ploughman's cheek—  
Here, where the woodbine scents the air  
And puts behind the blushing leek—  
Here, where the veto is unknown  
And every vote's unanimous—  
Here, where contentment's gentle sway  
Makes kindly every one of us—  
Here, where the righteous seek repose,  
And know not what the rabble do—  
Here, 'neath the woodbine and the rose—  
Good Governor, we welcome you !

## Good-Bye To The Past

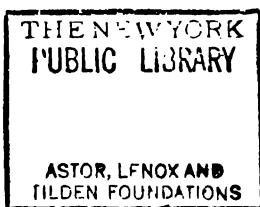
October 12th, 1895.

The most perplexing season of the year,  
When we abstain from our accustomed cheer,  
    Has said good bye ;  
So once again we enter these fond fields  
Where vice to virtue unresisting yields,  
    And watch it die.





"There, too, is Dolan, of benignant face,  
Forgetful now of manifolded cares." — *The Oracle*.



## Dinner to Hon. Henry J. McCarthy

On his Appointment to the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.

---

November 9th, 1895.

---

Behold a man whom gods and men adore !  
On earth renowned, on high Olympus more ;  
For him to-night our hecatomb we raise ;  
In him find naught to censure, all to praise :  
Propitious winds to heaven the tidings bear,  
Great Jove approves—and toasts McCarthy there.

---

We are much pleased, O Judge !  
With these, thy proud associates—  
They are most wise and courtly men,  
Who do, in truth, adorn the Bench ;  
By our respect for thee  
And their great worth,  
And that high office they do hold—  
We are constrained  
To yield to them our hearts,  
Tho' they do put the gyves  
Upon our wrists  
And send us hopeless  
To the Court below.

## Response of the Secretary

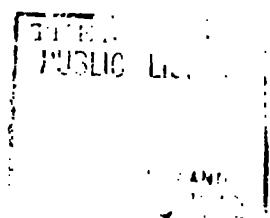
On the Presentation of a Grandfather's Clock and Gold Watch and Chain.

---

January 12th, 1896.

---

I have no muse my grateful thoughts to sing  
Of confidence, to me, so flattering ;  
I have no treasure that I might repay  
Your unexpected gift of Christmas day ;  
Yet, I aver, did Homer share my Time,  
He would unfold his thanks in fitting rhyme,  
And Crœsus, I am sure, did he but see,  
How rich I am in friends, would envy me.





## The Oracle

### Souvenir of the Thirtieth Anniversary, 1874.

February 20th, 1874.

#### WELCOME.

With pride displayed upon its face,  
The old Clock greets you all again,  
Firm-fixed in friendship's strong embrace  
You royal Five O'clock Club stand!

What tho' the "crushing" of a man,  
"The wealth of Odysseus" is not big  
Were at the beck'ning of a man,  
'Twere drops beside Minerva's eye.

What treasure man can well propose  
When you have quaffed the mystic stream  
That down Parnassus head it flows  
To make your lives a pleasing dream?

Alas that fabled heroes old  
No scene did e'er embrace like this,  
Where ev'ry tongue is tempered gold,  
And every thought essayed is bliss.

#### INTRODUCING THE PRESIDENT:

To-night, he takes the cap of statesman,  
To-night, he sheds the robes of king,  
To-night he drinks to all,  
No more he'll rule the world.



## The Oracle

### Souvenir of the Thirteenth Anniversary Dinner

February 29th, 1896.

#### WELCOME.

With pride displayed upon its face,  
The old Clock greets you all again,  
Firm-fixed in friendship's strong embrace,  
You royal Five O'clock Club men !

What tho' the "crushings of the Rand,"  
"The wealth of Ormus'" jewelled isle  
Were at the beck'ning of your hand—  
'Twere dross beside Minerva's smile !

What treasure may the world propose  
When you have quaffed the mystic stream  
That down Parnassus hither flows  
To make your lives a pleasing dream ?

Alas, that fabled heroes old  
No scene did e'er embrace like this —  
Where every tongue is tempered gold  
And every thought essayed is bliss !

#### INTRODUCING THE PRESIDENT :

To-night, he takes the cup that cheers ;  
To-night, he sheathes the sword ;  
To-night he drinks to thirteen years ;  
No more he'll rule the Board.

THE ORACLE.

In ancient days, when Epicurus taught  
The good of pleasure, rightfully inclined,  
The lofty Greeks who heard him little thought  
He had the Five O'clockers in his mind.  
And yet, forsooth, if history be true,  
He had this Club distinctively in view ;  
For by tradition, we're informed, the Greek,  
Unable to foresee the future state,  
Went down to Delphi, just about a week,  
To see the Oracle, and "get it straight."  
He met Apollo there, upon a bust,  
And placed in him, straightway, his rev'rent trust.

" From Samos Isle, I come, O Sire," said he,  
" To learn, perchance, of that perfected sphere  
Where mortal man, in some new land, shall see  
A touch of heav'n mixed in with earthly cheer.  
If thou, by divination fair, couldst tell  
Who these men are, and where, I'd pay thee well."  
Then Leto's son, admired of gods and men,  
With int'rest roused, put by the tuneful lyre,  
And taking up the tripod there and then,  
Set up the Oracle and stirred the fire :  
The magic quick performed, the query made,  
Thus came the answer from the Pythian maid :

" I do foresee thro' centuries of mist  
A band of noble fellows 'round the Board,  
Who do the kindlier sympathies enlist  
By witty wars that end in sweet accord :  
There, with the wealth of beauteous Proserpine,  
They hold their friends enraptured while they dine."

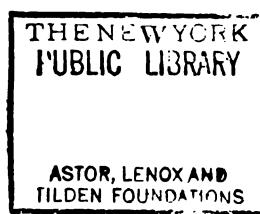


"Or could'st thou once thy willing ears employ

To catch the brilliant Carr's post-prandial praise."

*—The Oracle.*





The maiden ceased—" the Oracle was dumb"  
Refusing to proceed—upon the spot—  
The anxious Greek stood biting at his thumb,  
Then took a coin and dropped it in the slot—  
Apollo smiled, the fumes began to rise,  
Transfixed the earth and perfumed all the skies.

" Pray let thy speech," said Epicurus bold,  
" Reveal to me who wouldest the truth maintain—  
The scene thine eyes through ages dim, behold—  
Oh, speak ! that I may not have lived in vain !"  
" Yea, speak " said Leto's son, " and do it right,  
For this old Greek has whet my appetite !"  
So urged, the Oracle once more began,  
And thus unfolded our convivial plan :  
" The Board is set, the hall doth brightly shine  
With garlands rare and clock and brazen bell ;  
The sweet guitar and mandolin combine  
To gladden those who there ennobled dwell :  
  
" Great men and brave, by vexed contentions tried,  
Uphold the good and brush the bad aside ;  
The chairman sits, with learned guests around,  
A happy chief, exalted by his peers ;  
And as he welcomes wit or speech profound,  
The hall doth echo with approving cheers.  
Thus Walton holds the hospitable oar,  
And steers the bark from Scylla's rocky shore.  
Hadst thou but known the wondrous Roentgen ray,  
The sight wouldest make thine eyes bewildered, gleam,  
For there be men—the mightiest of their day—  
Who live in fact what thou dost only dream ;

“ The brilliant Warwick, who doth rule their town,  
Applauds the theme and turns the Stoics down :  
And so McCarthy, powerful of speech,  
    Who did the Bench too brief a spell adorn,  
Tells how in Greece the gods alone could reach  
    The altitude to which their souls are borne ;  
Great Brewster, too, whom they ‘ The Savant ’ call,  
Approving speaks, and wins the hearts of all.”  
Now at this point—tradition hath it so—  
    For occult reasons I cannot explain,  
The Voice was hushed and would no further go  
    Until the Greek took out his purse again :

When that was fixed, Apollo gave the word,  
The Voice resumed and Epicurus heard :  
“ If thou wouldst know why they enjoy their life  
    Thou shouldst see Mucklé with his laurels crowned ;  
Or Beitler, who, retired from scenes of strife,  
    Assumed the ermine and became renowned ;  
Thou shouldst see Kinsey, who for righteous cause  
Doth serve the City and expound its laws.  
Yea, thou shouldst see each worthy chieftain there,  
    The graceful Pollock of Parisian mould,  
And Gross, who’s crossed the Rubicon of care  
    To take his stand within the sacred fold—

“ Such men are they, as Louis, late of France,  
Had honored in his day, had he the chance.  
Their Graham thou shouldst see, whose mighty arm  
    Doth even-handed justice strict maintain,  
Or watchful Ingham, who doth give alarm  
    To rogues, that work their Uncle Sam for gain ;

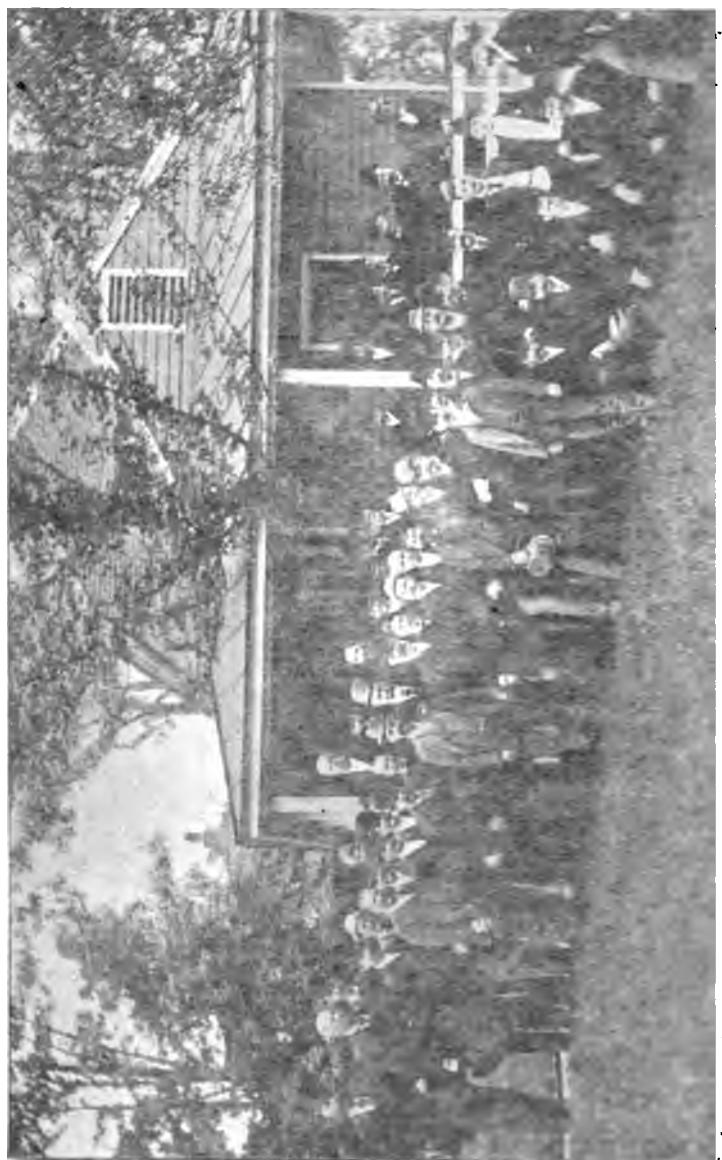
Together they keep all the rogues in check,  
Except the wiser ones who counsel Beck.  
There, too, is Dolan, of benignant face,  
    Forgetful now of manifolded cares,  
And great McCormick, from his envied place,  
    Come down to do what any Clocker dares ;

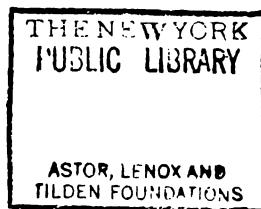
“ With gen’rous Porter—seasoned to abuse—  
The latch-strings of their hearts they freely loose.  
Thy pride would glow to see their Breneman,  
    Of courtly mien, or fine-physiqued Morrell,  
Or Colesberry, who did in silence plan  
    The mails to guard and mob tumult to quell :  
Thou wouldst have peace couldst thou hear Staake plead,  
Or patient Thompson tell the public need.  
O, Epicurus, it would give thee joy  
    Couldst thou hear Littleton’s poetic phrase.  
Or couldst thou once thy willing ears employ  
    To catch the brilliant Carr’s post-prandial praise.

“ Near them Oellers sits, who hath the key  
To all the wealth their city boasts, in fee ;  
Then Patterson comes quickly into view,  
    Whose future hath some honors yet in store ;  
And Sayen, who hath noble blood and blue,  
    And Barnegat’s bold chieftain, Fenimore—  
Deep draughts they take, that sweet refreshment bring,  
From their artesian-bored Castalian spring.”  
Thus did the Oracle in mystic tones  
    Continue to describe our glorious crew—  
The smile of Smith, the symmetry of Jones,  
    They pleased the Greek, and great Apollo, too ;

Mundell and Bower, McWade and Stewart next,  
Then statesman Harris followed in the text :  
The poet Culbert and the fleet Van Schaick,  
    The royal Redding, and the fledgling Moore,  
Young Foerderer last—and then there came a break—  
    The voice subsided—to resume no more.  
Apollo and the Greek met eye to eye,  
Then fell upon each other's necks, to cry.  
The salted tears, tradition adds, did flow  
    In copious streams adown those ancient cheeks,  
Till Epicurus said he'd have to go,  
    And spread the news around amongst the Greeks.

Apollo, too, now greatly pleased by odds,  
Went off and spread the tidings to the gods.  
And so, 'tis seen, the Oracle foresaw  
    In dear old Greece, long centuries ago,  
That Five O'clockers typify the law  
    Of getting out of life more good than woe—  
And so 'tis seen how Epicurus learned  
    The Truth for which his noble spirit yearned.





## Dinner to James M. Beck

On his Appointment to be United States District Attorney for the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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May 2nd, 1896.

---

A smart old man is Uncle Sam,  
Upon his 'scutcheon's not a speck,  
For when we wanted Ingham back  
He said we'd have to give him Beck ;  
Which goes to show your Uncle trains  
With art, and eloquence, and brains.

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## Boys Again

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November 28th, 1896.

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To eat, to drink ; to wise or merry be ;  
To give a jest or take one cheerily ;  
To be a man among the best of men,  
And with such men to be a boy again.

## Dinner to C. Stuart Patterson

On his Election as President of the Union League of Philadelphia

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January 30th, 1897.

---

He's serving his apprenticeship,  
Is tractable and studious,  
Attentive to his duties as a novice ought to be ;  
And when he's ripe for membership,  
Where all is bright and beauteous,  
He'll be supremely gifted in his A. B. C.

---

He didn't want a dinner !  
But what were we to say,  
When those brave fellows made him chief—  
Those Leaguers o'er the way ?  
We said, " Begone !" to modesty,  
" We'll not conceal our pride,  
Three cheers for Stuart Patterson !  
Three for the League beside !"  
And so, he comes to dinner,  
Not that he's poorly fed,  
Nor yet, because official spoils  
His potent hand may spread ;  
But rather, a civilian  
Who toils and toils for bread  
He sheds on this good company  
The halo 'round his head.

## The Immortals

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### Souvenir of the Fourteenth Anniversary

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March 20th, 1897.

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#### WELCOME TO THE HEROES OF NOW.

Let Homer sing of the Siege of Troy,  
Or of Ithaca's wandering son ;  
Let Virgil prate on Augustus great  
And the Roman triumphs won.

Let Shakespeare sing of the reign of kings,  
Let Milton soar to the skies ;  
Let Dante roam in the nether gloam—  
'Tis naught of mine, if he lies.

Let Coleridge sing of the wedding guest,  
And the ancient mariner, who  
With his long bow, laid the albatross low—  
A horrible thing to do :  
For to kill that bird, as you have heard,  
Is a fatally foul hoo-doo.

Yea, let them all through the misty past,  
Reveal how their champions bled  
Defending right by the rule of might  
Ere their souls reluctant fled—  
I sing of a race of mighty men,  
And not one of them yet is dead.

I sing of a race of mighty men  
From the forum, the mill, and the plow,  
Who have come to-night, in their hearts warm light,  
With laurels upon each brow—  
The sturdy guests of the Five O'clock Club  
The valiant heroes of NOW !!

---

#### THE IMMORTALS.

King George surveyed the isle of Crete  
And swore it should be free ;  
But, being Greek of classic mould  
And royal pedigree,  
He prayed to Jove to lend a hand,  
If help should needed be.

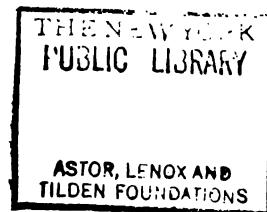
“ I'll fight the Turk 'neath Ida's shade ! ”  
The plucky warrior cried,  
“ If thou, O, Jove, will keep the powers  
From taking Islam's side ;  
Do thou withhold invader's arms,  
And then the issue bide.”

The skies were moved, the Thunderer  
Spoke out in thund'rous tones,  
“ Pitch in, and do thy best, King George,  
To break the Moslem's bones.”  
And then he straightway Hermes sent  
To bring the mortal Jones.



"And great McCormick, from his envied place,  
Come down to do what any Clocker dares."—*The Oracle.*

2



No easy task did Hermes find  
The one to him set down,  
For mortal Jones had left the League,  
To stroll around the town,  
And it was half an hour or more  
Before he ran him down.

At last before the god of Greece  
The handsome mortal stood,  
Surprised and wond'ring what to do,  
As any mortal would,  
And ready if demand were made,  
To swear that he'd be good.

“ Go tell McCarthy, Mucklé, Gross,  
Tell Brewster, Staake, Moore,  
I want the Five O'clockers here  
On Canea's rocky shore.”  
Thus spake the great immortal Jove,  
Thus spake—and nothing more.

McCarthy's brow lit up with joy,  
When back the message came,  
And loaded with Greek fire he strove  
To execute the same—  
For when a spark in powder falls,  
There's bound to be a flame.

With burning soul he sped anon  
To Warwick's marble hall,  
To Beitler hied, in “ Number One,”  
And then did Walton call :  
He routed Kinsey out of bed,  
And handed guns to all.

Near two score men of giant minds,  
The Powers to combat,  
Assembled at "The Bungalow,"  
One Sayen's habitat,  
And steered by Pirate Fenimore,  
Put off from Barnegat.

'Twas on the early tide of morn,  
Before the break of day,  
And hope eternal in their hearts  
Made every warrior gay ;  
But ere they crossed the three-mile line,  
A cruiser barred the way.

"Begone !" the dashing Warwick cried.  
"Get out !" said Pollock fair.  
But the captain of the cruiser  
Never turned a single hair.  
He said his Uncle Sam "b' gosh,"  
Had told him to stay there.

And there he staid ; nor threat, nor plea,  
Nor joke, nor song, nor bluster  
Disturbed him aught; Said he, "I've caught  
A Cuban filibuster."  
Whereat Beck laughed and Ingham laughed  
What laughter they could muster !

"Now, there you're wrong," said lawyer Beck,  
"And I can plainly show it ;  
If we were after Weyler's scalp,  
I'd be the first to know it ;  
We're bound for Crete, by Jove's decree—  
You dare not overthrow it."

Down fell the captain like a log,  
" My countrymen," said he,  
" I am a dog, an old sea dog,  
A sea dog of the sea ;  
And you shall never more be dogged  
By an old sea dog like me."

Then through the waves the vessel plowed,  
Five-four-three knots an hour,  
Pressed on, as all the crew could see,  
By superhuman power ;  
While Count de Saïen down below  
Compounded mixtures sour.

Swift 'round Gibraltar's peak they flew,  
Italia's shore drew nigh :  
Then toward the dangerous strait they swept,  
Their spirits mounting high ;  
For they had sworn by Jove the Great,  
To fight for Crete, or die !

Then softly fell upon their ears  
The strains of silver song,  
More plaintive, more entrancing still,  
As fast they moved along :  
" The Siren's voice," said Littleton,  
" She'd lure these heroes wrong."

Alas ! can Jove have gone to sleep ?  
The heavens fail to speak !  
' Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, now,  
Their vessel springs a leak ;  
And in the maelstrom's fearful clutch  
They hear her timbers creak.

Sweet, trebly sweet, the music floats  
Above the turbid wave,  
Not Culbert with his "Terriers Drill"  
Such rapture ever gave :  
But there is help the charm to break,  
And heroes lives to save.

Forth from the sky in airy garb  
Minerva, Brewster's friend,  
Upon her golden bicycle  
Is seen to quick descend,  
And grasping Ingham's outstretched hand,  
She towed them round the bend.

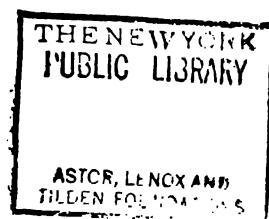
The goddess caulked the weakened joints,  
She braced the twisted keel ;  
Was introduced to Patterson—  
And then resumed her wheel.  
But e'er she left she rubbed some salve,  
Upon McCarthy's heel.

A wise precaution, gentle guest,  
By great Achilles shown,  
For when new dangers them beset  
Grim Death let them alone—  
And when he ran against that heel,  
He found it hard as bone.

Winds unpropitious now their sail  
Did threat to overwhelm,  
And drive them hard against the shores  
Of Circe's island realm,  
But Circe had no power to harm  
With Pollock at the helm.



"Ask Hygeia to say how well they cured 'the grip' they had—  
And let her tell why Stewart thought our Cupid poorly clad."  
—*Nectarine.*



Next to Calypso's isle they came,  
Where great Ulysses dwelt,  
But tho' she sang to Breneman  
And on the hard rocks knelt,  
He gave no sign, nor did Mundell,  
To show her how they felt.

From isle to isle they quickly passed  
Nor heeded friend nor foe,  
Nor cyclops feared, nor naiads loved,  
But prayed the winds to blow,  
That they more speedily might come  
The fate of Crete to know.

At last Colesberry from the prow—  
He of the eagle eye—  
To Porter handed back the glass,  
His sight ahead to try,  
For he had caught a glimpse of land,  
And it was high and dry.

Then Porter swept the horizon  
And gave a mighty shout,  
"There's land ahead!" he loudly cried,  
"And frigates all about;  
Mt. Ida's lines rise thro' the mist,  
It's Crete, my boys, look out!"

Such awful din ne'er shook the skies  
As at that moment rose,  
Each man his armor girded on  
From crown of head to toes—  
Ill fares the Saracen who brooks  
Such formidable foes.

From vague outline to solid soil  
The Cretan island grew,  
As onward sped the gallant ship  
And her more gallant crew,  
They cared not for the weak blockade,  
But aimed to cut it through.

“What flag is that?” the powers cried.  
“The Five O’clock Club flag,  
By Jove’s decree we’re on the sea  
To rend the heathen rag.”  
Thus spake young Roney, “Clear the way!  
This is no time to brag.”

Then England’s lordly admiral  
And Russia’s fury chief  
With Italy’s imperial prince,  
Expressed their common grief,  
But Germany’s young firebrand  
Was cross, and blunt, and brief.

“Vat you come for? You got some ridts?  
You better go home qwick!”  
“We’ll not go home,” Oellers cried,  
“We’re here in Crete to stick.”  
And then he called Sir Mucklé up  
Who made the Kaiser sick.

“Go home yourself,” the Colonel said,  
“Nor little Crete annoy,”  
So saying, flashed his talisman,  
“This charm which I employ  
Was sent to me by great Bismarck,  
I knew your father, boy.”

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Thus, thro' the fleet the heroes sailed  
    Direct to Canea's shore,  
And waded thro' its pillaged streets  
    Knee deep in Turkish gore :  
In Candia and Retimo,  
    With Turks they swept the floor.

Now fierce on Kandamos they fell,  
    The Mussulmans gave way ;  
The Bashi-Bazouks next were slain,  
    And cruel Tewfik Bey ;  
Blood never flowed from Derby Ram  
    As it flowed on that day.

Full-roused, they now on ninety towns  
    Their ire prepared to vent,  
When in the sky there blazed a sword  
    The blade of which was bent—  
A sign Van Schaick interpreted  
    As being heaven-sent.

“ It's Jove ! ” cried Harris of the Hall,  
    Who fought at Antietam ;  
“ An omen of a truce of war ;  
    Salaam ! McWade, salaam ! ”  
Then thro' a rift near Ida's peak  
    Came Hermes, fleet, but calm.

“ Cease, now, your bloody work,” he said,  
    “ And come along with me,  
No more shall you in war engage,  
    This is the high decree ! ”  
Then thro' the rift they followed him  
    As nicely as could be.

The Thunderer sat upon his throne,  
    The banquet board was spread ;  
The gods stood idly round the hall,  
    The ladies overhead,  
And there were nymphs and dryads there  
    To catch the words he said.

Those august lips were parted twice,  
    Yet naught revealed of fate,  
But whispered low to Hebe  
    And she told the cook to wait :  
'Twas evident the Monarch looked  
    For someone who was late.

Now meekly came our gallant knights  
    Responsive to the call,  
Strong men and brave with nerves of steel,  
    Into that sacred hall—  
They so disturbed the goddesses  
    It came near spoiling all.

Upon that throng the Monarch gazed  
    And long his speech delayed—  
His face, at first, with fearful frown,  
    Now half a smile displayed :  
“So you who dine at Five O'clock  
    Delay the gods ? ” he said.

“ Nay, nay ! ” the choragus replied,  
    “ Delay the gods ? not we !  
Sire, when yon Hermes summoned us  
    We were, by your decree,  
Dispatching all the bloody Turks  
    That we, in Crete, could see.”



"Young Foerderer last—and then there came a break—  
The Voice subsided—to resume no more."—*The Oracle*.

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“ Then you the message misconstrued,  
Let Greeks the Turks destroy  
I wanted you on Canea’s shore  
To dine with me, my boy,  
But if you’d rather fight than eat  
Go on, I wish you joy.

“ You’d rather eat than fight? Well then,  
Come forward, every one ;  
Come Thompson, I have heard of you  
Your Works are nobly done ;  
And Patterson give me your hand,  
I hear the gold bugs won.”

Thus spake the Thunderer, and then  
Each mortal hand he took  
And into every face he gave  
A long and searching look,  
Which, being done, he Hebe sent  
And Hebe told the cook.

Now mingled gods and goddesses  
Nymphs, naiads, dryads, all,  
And men of mortal flesh and blood,  
Within that sacred hall ;  
With water nymphs, brave Franklin Smith  
Appeared to have the call.

With nectar and ambrosial food,  
Prepared right in the skies,  
These mortal men were feasted till  
It bulged out of their eyes ;  
And then celestial music came—  
A glorious, sweet surprise.

A smile swept over Walton's face  
Like waves upon the shore,  
And wonderment shone from the eyes  
Of Pirate Fenimore ;  
Which "gave away," at once, the fact—  
They'd not been there before.

Great Jove was prompt to see the pride  
Displayed upon each face,  
And, rapping thrice for order,  
Called great Staake to his place.  
" Do thou preside, and let me see  
If they deserve my grace."

So followed feast of reason  
At the exit of the bowl ;  
Great Brewster charmed them with his speech,  
Then Warwick "let it roll."  
And Graham kept "it" rolling  
Till he roused the godly soul.

Fresh from his victories below  
Beck made the heavens ring,  
Then great McCormick of the law  
At error had a fling,  
While Pollock and McCarthy  
Had "a go" at everything.

With stately eloquence Morrell  
And Dolan followed next,  
And then for form and gracefulness  
Oellers them perplexed,  
Then Redding, one Demosthenes  
Out distanced, in his text.

Jove heard them speak, then Colesberry,  
Then Ingham like a bell,  
Then Mucklē, Foerderer, Wilkins Carr,  
And Gross' heavy swell  
The mighty one in bondage held,  
Till Saÿen broke the spell.

Jove heard : and stroked his tawny beard,  
"Hermes, come here !" said he,  
"Are these the friends you go to earth  
So frequently to see ?"  
"They are !" the fleet-winged god replied,  
"They're friends of high degree."  
"Minerva, dear ! Your father calls."  
"Yes, father, dear," said she.  
"Are these the mortal men who make  
Their hecatombs to thee ?"  
"Yes, father, and these Clockers are  
The dearest friends to me."

Thrice round the Board the Monarch, then,  
Quick passed his piercing eye,  
And paused but once, where Breneman  
And Carr were standing by  
The lovely Venus—she whose charms  
Were held exceeding high.

"Come, Venus, do you wish to speak ?"  
"Yes, father, 'twere a boon ;  
I think it is a burning shame  
They must go home so soon ;  
This banquet now so near its close  
Should have begun at noon."

Then glanced the goddess at Van Schaick,  
With whom she longed to speak ;  
At Kinsey, whom she smiled upon  
As one she'd known a week ;  
And at brave Gross, whose winning ways  
Brought blushes to her cheek.

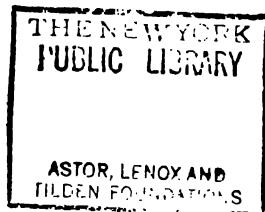
“ ‘Tis well,” said Jove, “ this thing should cease.  
My daughter, it is well—  
Where it would end if this goes on  
I dare not even tell ;  
I'll have no trouble in this camp—  
Judge Beitler, ring the bell ! ”

“ Come, Five O'clockers, list to me ! ”  
Here Jove wiped off his brow.  
“ Ye shall return not as ye came,  
This is my solemn vow !  
For every mortal mother's son  
I make immortal NOW ! ”



"Thus spake young Roney, 'Clear the way!'

This is no time to brag."—*The Immortals*.



## Our New Apprentice

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Introducing William J. Roney, Receiver of Taxes.

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February 27th, 1897.

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Well, Roney's the man,  
You may all understand',  
He's classical, learned and toney ;  
He can read, he can write,  
And his fair name indite,  
On receipts for the taxpayer's money ;  
He can sing, he can pray,  
And in sunshine make hay,  
Cut scrapple, eat ham or bologna,  
Take chicken supreme, or creme de la creme—  
He's a wonderful man is this Roney.

## **Dinner to Henry B. Gross**

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**On his Appointment to the Department of Charities and Correction.**

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**May 8th, 1897.**

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The princely man, whose honest face  
Adorns the page above,  
Is now engaged in noble works  
Of charity and love ;  
Let us aspire his smile to win,  
For it may be, some day,  
We, too, shall need his gracious hand  
To help us on our way.

## Dinner to Members of the Superior Court

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October 9th, 1897.

'Sh ! There sits the grave Superior Court, profoundly thinking ;  
Let's have no foolish talk, nor glasses clinking ;  
If themes be needed, gentle friend,—the weather's bracing ;  
The war with Spain, will, once begun, be break-neck pacing ;  
Reform that is reform, is in the air ;  
And there's the Gas Works lease—'Sh ! Hist ! Beware !

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## Now !

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November 13th, 1897.

Sometimes the waves of ocean beat in angry tone upon the shore ;  
Sometimes the anxious fisher's fleet, devoid of wind, is put to oar ;  
Sometimes one's love is "labor lost," and then again one strikes it  
rich ;  
Sometimes one has a "royal flush"—perhaps you never heard of  
"sich" ;  
Sometimes, with patriotic zeal, one tries his hand at politics ;  
Sometimes succeeds, and sometimes don't, according as he knows  
the tricks ;  
But, ah ! betimes, there is a way, the tarten tares of Time to block,  
And if before you've found it not, pray, try it "Now," at Five  
O'clock.

## Dinner at Lancaster

Under the Auspices of Major B. Frank Breneman.

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December 18th, 1897.

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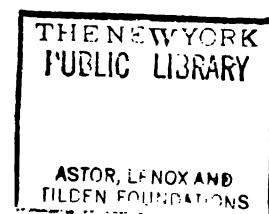
Dear Major, here we are at last,  
A travel-wearied lot,  
Arrayed for that sublime repast  
You said would "touch the spot;"  
We'd like our water 'most frappéd—  
Our cabbage smoking hot.

---

Here's a health to Lancaster !  
Of which we've heard so much ;  
And here's another health to all  
The Pennsylvania Dutch !  
For if the Major tells the truth,  
—Don't question it a minute—  
The world, with Lancaster left out,  
Would surely " not be in it."



Now Blankenburg appears, a bold and patriotic man.  
Whose forceful zeal extends sometimes to far-away Japan.



## Down at the Bungalow

(A Song.)

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Dinner at the Bungalow of William Henry Sayen in Barnegat Bay.

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January 29th, 1898.

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### I.

Come all ye jolly pirates  
And sing a song with me;  
About as good a fellow,  
As ever sailed the sea ;  
A man of education,  
Who knows a thing or so,  
About the way to make you gay,  
Down at the Bungalow.

### II.

CHORUS :

He's our pet, you can bet !  
And he'll be our ruler yet !  
Everyone to him will be a-tyin' !  
If you're wet, you can get  
On the gov'nor's wagon yet,  
By shouting for WILLIAM HENRY SAYEN.

### III.

He comes from Radnor township,  
In little Delaware,  
And is a friend of Clayton  
And all the boys out there ;  
But down here on the ocean,  
Where salty breezes blow,  
We love him best, because he's blest  
Us with the Bungalow.

CHORUS :

### IV.

There may be other fellows,  
Almost as good as he,  
Who know the tricks of politics,  
As you will all agree ;  
But when you look them over,  
You'll find them mighty slow,  
When once beside old Radnor's pride,  
Down at the Bungalow.

CHORUS :

## The Feast of Reason

A Song Contributed by the Hon. Henry J. McCarthy.

I was stopped in the street t'other day by a bore,  
Who, after saluting, said : " Harry, no more  
Will I leave you, in spite of your frown or your snub,  
'Till I've heard all you know of 'The Five O'clock Club !'

I fancy they're awfully full-dress affairs,  
In swallow-tails, white ties, and boutonnieres?"  
" I assure you, Diogenes, sir, in his tub,  
Would be well enough dressed for a ' Five O'clock Club ! ' "

" They tell me your dinners are finer than silk ? "  
" Yes ; we've excellent bread and right nice mush and milk !  
But they spread for us only the plainest of grub  
At the frugal repasts of the Five O'clock Club ! "

" If you do not assemble to dine, one would think  
You've a motive less worthy ; pray, what do you drink ? "  
" Well ; some prefer water, some raspberry shrub ;  
But we never have wine at the Five O'clock Club ! "

" Then you must be a musical coterie, strong  
At a spirited chorus, a glee or a song ! "  
" We would like it, but hav'nt a voice ; there's the rub !  
Still, we close with a hymn at the Five O'clock Club ! "

" Not meat, wine, nor music ! Then what is your goal ? "  
" The feast, sir, of reason ; the flow, sir, of soul ! "  
" Then invite me ! " " So sorry I cannot, dear Bub ;  
They insist upon brains at the Five O'clock Club ! "

## Retrospective? No!

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Introducing Rudolph Blankenburg and William M. Barrett, Apprentices.

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March, 1898.

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When we old stagers in the play of life  
Long-wedded to the art of social dining,  
Remove ourselves from scenes of hate and strife  
To ease the brain and test the stomach's lining—  
Is there repining?

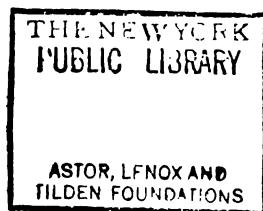
Why bless you, no, dear friends, the day's not come  
For e'en the tinge of sadness or misgiving,  
For not a year goes by but there is some  
Peculiar charm to justify our living—  
And dinner-giving.

Whence comes the joy we at this moment feel?  
Look yonder, at our Baby members' feeding!  
See Blankenburg absorb his evening meal!  
And Barrett, the example quickly heeding!  
That's our own breeding!

Is there not pleasure in the peaceful thought  
That Blankenburg,—left to the world, a rover,  
Might now be giving some poor "boss," he'd caught,  
A most intensely rigid raking over—  
Is now in clover?



**And lastly Barrett, he of noble mien, and from the Buckeye State,  
Who girds the Earth on Time, yet here, with us, delights to wait.**



And Barrett, if we did not hold him here,  
To follow that wise course we're agitating,  
Might now be chewing some expressman's ear  
For some sad shipper's baggage masticating—  
Thus we're placating !

Then why should we, who love our fellows well,  
Divert our thoughts by frettings and grimaces,  
Or retrospective tales of anguish tell,  
When such apprentices will take our places,  
And all our graces ?

## **Farewell**

One word ere we part, it comes from the heart,  
A word which is not lightly spoken—  
May each to the end call the other a friend,  
And the ties of this Club be unbroken.

*History of the Five O'clock Club. Page 293.*



## Farewell

One word ere we part, it comes from the heart,  
A word which is not lightly spoken—  
May each to the end call the other a friend,  
And duties of this Club be unbroken.

*Written at the Five O'clock Club. Page 293.*



## Farewell

One word ere we part, it comes from the heart,  
A word which is not lightly spoken—  
May each to the other call the other a friend,  
And the ties which bind us be unbroken.

—*W. H. D. Allott Club. Page 293.*















